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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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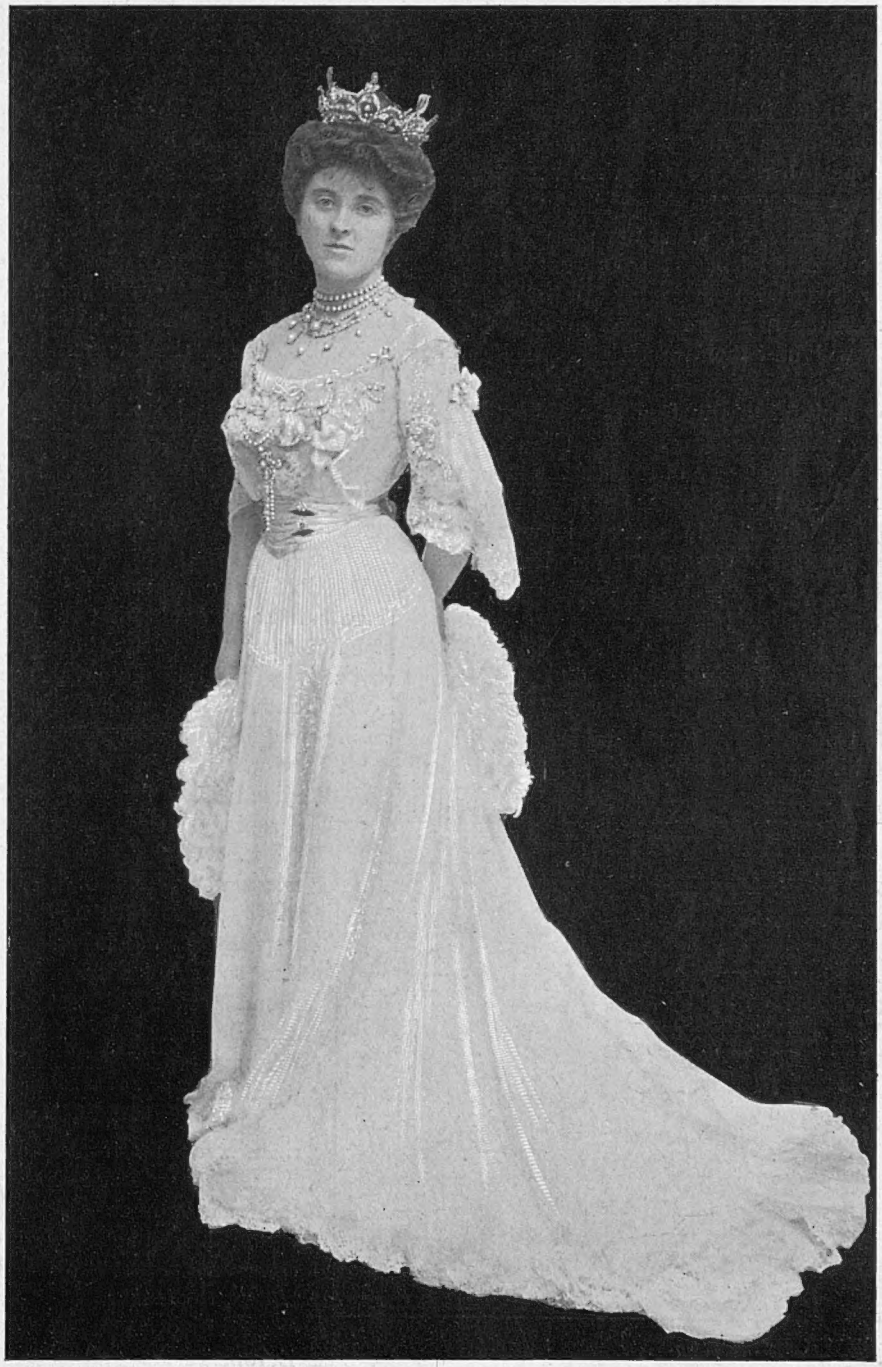


Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday October 9, 1907

It is pleasant to know that the Kaiser has fixed November 11 for the date of his arrival in this country, where he is sure of a popular ovation. As an old lady recently remarked in the Tube, we have had so few interesting visitors since the baby giraffe came.

* * *

Votes for Women, which is the name of the monthly newspaper published by the Suffragettes, is giving away a picture of Mrs. Pankhurst with its first issue. We understand, however, that this paper will, as a general rule, appeal to reason rather than sentiment.

* * *

Smaller nations, whose resources have been heavily taxed in order to send delegates to the front, will be relieved to hear that those engaged in The Hague at the Peace Conference have proclaimed an armistice, and will shortly withdraw their forces.

* * *

Russia has submitted to the Powers a scheme for "preventing Christians from massacring Christians"—in Macedonia. The nature of the scheme has not yet been revealed, but the experience of the Russians in their own country should render it valuable. There, of course, they put a stop to this deplorable state of affairs in a very simple way—by inviting the Christians to massacre the Jews.

* * *

Pageants have invaded America, and Wanamaker's, the greatest store in the States, have started off with a Pageant of Commerce. Exact details of this interesting and historic affair have escaped our notice, but we can imagine just how a thing of this kind should be done in other countries:—

Scene I.—Morning of Sale. (Busy shop-girls putting up notices of "Enormous Sacrifice." Shop-soiled goods marked down from 4*s.* to 3*s.* 11¾*d.*)

Scene II.—The Sale Itself. (Ladies of fashion raging round counters. Rivals for bargains tearing at one another. Policemen gathering up fainting customers.)

Scene III.—A Home in the West End. (Lady showing bargains to husband. Peace of happy home destroyed, etc.)

* * *

Extravagance among Guardians is a deplorable thing, but the *Daily Graphic* has lately revealed an economy that seems even more terrible. To save the expense of refilling daily the Bermondsey Swimming Baths, the Council has, during the past season, been filtering them instead, and, as a result, the water has only been changed twice. We do not know what the death-rate in Bermondsey is, but, if anyone will inform us how many Bermondsey Councillors there are, we could give a very good guess as to what it ought to be.

* * *

Dirigible balloons may be dirigible or not, but there can be no doubt that they create a great deal of enthusiasm. We have been wondering how the voyage of a dirigible motor-car, say, would sound, if it were conducted on similar principles. Something, we imagine, like this:—

"With a whirr and a puff the eagle-shaped machine glided from its shed, the engineer easily escaping a telegraph-pole that was in front of it. Cheers went up as, freed from restraint, it sped blithely into a hedge on the far side of the road and darted into a grass-field adjoining. Answering its helm like some splendid ship, it circled thrice round a cow, which stood and bellowed in astonishment; then shot, like an arrow from the bow, towards the banks of the canal, into which it dipped gracefully. The occupants of the car had no difficulty in placing themselves in front of an approaching barge—so easily did the engines respond to the master-touch—and were picked up within half an hour. Colonel Jones, in command of the 'Nulli Primus,' expressed himself perfectly satisfied with its dirigibility, and said that the car was inferior to none in Europe."

The "Nulli Primus" will visit London, when the Railway Strike has been decided.

How Are the Mighty Fallen!

FARMER JONES: "There wasn't a better water dawg livin' until you shootin' gents took to borrowing 'im. Now 'is 'ide's that full of shots, he'd sink to the bottom like a brick!"

BY ARTHUR HOLLAND

It is expected that if the halfpenny papers go on raving about Diabolo much longer, people may be goaded into the belief that there is such a game. By-the-by, it is to be hoped that the costermongers, postmen, cabmen, Chelsea pensioners, and other types of people "found playing Diabolo in the streets of London" were allowed to keep the bobbins and sticks lent them for the purpose by the newspaper photographers.

* * *

The Shah of Persia has given a definite pledge to recognise the Constitution and respect the rights of Parliament. The rights of the Persian Parliament are a little difficult to define, but it is considered unlikely that henceforward any M.P.'s—save those introducing obnoxious measures—will be liable to the bow-string.

* * *

The sins of Society are booming, and we are not surprised to learn from a contemporary that Bridge is becoming sadly popular in the nursery. Cannot Father Vaughan do something? It is not the thought of the mites gambling away huge sums of money that distresses us, but it does seem hard that elderly uncles who go upstairs expecting gaily to play at Bears or Ride-a-cock horse should, owing to this craze, find themselves left out in the cold. Surely the more unselfish tots could be made to realise this, and spare an hour or so from their game?

* * *

Those who have hitherto only played golf in a half-hearted way will be encouraged by the announcement recently made by a well-known insurance company. It is to the effect that players may insure themselves against all financial responsibility in the event of striking or injuring their caddies. This is the thing golf required to make it a perfect game. Destroying the turf only induced vexation. Breaking one's clubs merely hastened repentance. But to be able, when one is bunkered, to hit one's caddie over the head and fell him to the ground, that should bring on a spirit of serene satisfaction such as can be got from no other game. "Oh! yes," the happy golfer will say, as he comes in from the strenuous course, "I took 140 to go round. But—but I've smashed a couple of caddies!"

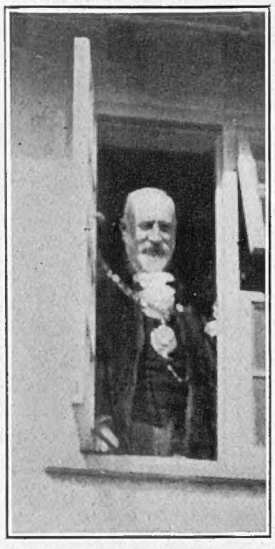


Photo Graphic Photo Agency
His Latest "Strenuosity"
Sir William Treloar inspects the view from one of the houses at the Hampstead Garden suburb, which he inaugurated last week

* * *

"Owing to the strained relations between the public and the police," a London magistrate fined a man who was before him last week instead of dismissing the charge, as he would otherwise have done. No doubt, if such action continues, it will tend to bring the police and the public into a more cordial frame of mind; but is it not, on the other hand, calculated to create some slight ill-feeling between the public and the magistrates?

* * *

The late Mrs. Elizabeth Rohrbach lived on board Cunard liners for twenty years. Would it be considered indelicate to remark that she probably knew the ocean's Rohrbach-wards?

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Art on 'Change: Visitors to the Stock Exchange Art Society's Exhibition now open

In spite, or perhaps in consequence, of the present financial depression, Art continues to flourish in the City, and this year's exhibition of the Stock Exchange Art Society, at Drapers' Hall, is quite up to the average. In fact, it is not going too far to say that the canvases of artistically inclined stockbrokers—holiday landscapes, caricatures, portraits, miniatures, and the like—are the only gilt-edged securities in which there seems any likelihood of business being done just at present

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Tally Ho!

In a few weeks the hunting season will be in full swing. The sporting Briton, having done his best with the grouse, the salmon, the partridges, and the pheasants, will proceed to give his undivided attention to the foxes. In England and Ireland, so universal is the sporting instinct, that a love of the chase is cherished by many different members of the community—peer and peasant, priest and farmer, saint and sinner, rich man, poor man. Even the "potterer" enjoys himself. Hounds in view, horse and man pelting over the country, oneself in the saddle and a poor old fox nearly run to earth—supreme ecstasy! Truly, a worthy British pastime.

* * *

Hunting Raiment

Nor is there anything more truly British and typical than the consummate care taken by the hunting-man and hunting-woman over their hunting "kit." No *débutante* fusses more over her first ball-gown than does the self-respecting sportsman over the fit of his coat, the polish of his boots, the hang of his breeches, or the folds of his white hunting-stock. His valet risks his eyesight polishing his immaculate top-hat, and even the straight spur and the not too clumsy crop are chosen with infinite care. While as for the Dianas of the hunting-field, well, English ladies are celebrated the world over for the Spartan simplicity of their hunting attire and for the wondrous and, to a mere male, incomprehensible manner with which most of them manage to impart grace and feminine charm to a raiment so eminently austere.

Photo *Thomson*

Viscountess Castlereagh

A new photograph of the wife of the heir of the Marquis of Londonderry

* * *

Sinless Society—

By the way, what an infallible draw is "Society." To see it—and its unspeakable sins—all Suburbia is flocking in from Peckham and Balham and Tooting Bec, and filling to overflowing the coffers of the Drury Lane management. Personally, I must confess I was a little misled by the title, *The Sins of Society*. Accustomed to the diatribes of Farm Street and the halfpenny Press on the subject of that mysterious "Smart Set," I went to Drury Lane prepared, or at least hoping, for disclosures. Nothing of the kind. Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Hamilton, I discovered, far from castigating the enemy, have constituted themselves its champion. There are no sins; nor, to be sure, is there any Society. If Lady Marion Beaumont (the erring heroine) *did* play Bridge rather too often, if she *did* cheat and gamble, and steal and drug and allow "the innocent to suffer for the guilty," she did it all *pour le bon motif*. She is sorry ("Pore dear!" as the kind lady in the stall next to me, in the pink-and-white satin blouse and the white cotton gloves, constantly remarked), they are all sorry, even the villain is sorry, to have to be so bad. At heart they are pure gold.

* * *

—And Its Champions

In fact, hearts in Mayfair, it seems, are, if we are to believe Mr. Raleigh and Mr. Hamilton, very much like hearts in Peckham. One sins only when one is hard-up. A sympathetic touch! One is hard-up, I believe—though not so often, of course—even in Tooting. Miss Constance Collier, as Lady Marion, in frocks which, if a little *outré* for "Society," are eminently suited for Drury Lane, gasps, rolls her eyes in agonies of futile remorse, groans and repents, in season and out, from 7.30 till 11.15 (when one has to leave if one wants to catch one's last 'bus home) with the most heartfelt vigour. Could one do more in Suburbia? Miss Adrienne Augarde, in short frocks, with eyes more overwhelmingly open than ever, is, all in due season, sweet, sad, unsophisticated, sentimental, unselfish. This is not what Farm Street, on the subject of *débutantes*, led us to believe! Even the villain and the pawnbroker are quite prepared to be good, only give them a chance! Altogether, the "Smart Set" ought to be grateful. It has a champion, too. By Christmas, when the pantomime comes on, its vindication should be complete.

Not Venice—Merely Malaga in Flood

SCENES IN THE STREETS AFTER THE RECENT TORRENTIAL VISITATION

Photo *Topical Agency*

Rescue Parties at Work in the Flooded Malaga Streets, which have the Resemblance of Venetian Canals

England, happy to say, has not been visited by the disastrous storms and floods which have lately wrought such fearful havoc in Spain and France. At Malaga, the overflowing of the River Gaudalmedina turned the countryside into a vast lake for miles in every direction, with great consequent destruction. The floods have caused incalculable damage to the vineyards and the wine-cellars. Seventy-two lives were lost in the city, and an iron railway bridge was swept away a distance of two hundred yards

Scions of the Man of Blood and Iron

Photos

Prince Otto and Count Gottfried VON BISMARCK

The Prince (heir of the Iron Chancellor) is nine years old, and the Count is also quite youthful. Lookers for family likeness are directed to turn to the right and note the eyes of the little Count, which are distinctly reminiscent of those of the man who ate up Austria for breakfast and France for lunch

Mayer

The Church Congress

The Bishops are moving. Their failure over the Deceased Wife's Sister Act would seem to have inspired them to fresh efforts—after publicity, at any rate. In America, the Bishop of London is endeavouring to retrieve our lost lawn-tennis ashes, and has been cordially received by Mr. Roosevelt. In England, the Bishop of Norwich, presiding over last week's Church Congress at Yarmouth, has positively electrified his brother Bishops by his radical proposal that in order to relieve the scandalous poverty existing in Church of England vicarages, it would not be at all a bad plan to reduce the Bishops' incomes and sell their palaces! £2,500 a year, says Dr. Sheepshanks, does it cost him to keep up his Palace at Norwich, and £4,500, complained recently the Bishop of London, is spent annually on the upkeep of Fulham Palace; while something like double that sum is spent on the Palace at Farnham, with its sixty-four rooms, and fourteen staircases, and its acre of roof. The contrast, in these days, when episcopal power is so very limited, between all this episcopal magnificence and the bravely born poverty of the country vicarage certainly *is* a little painful. It reminds one of Voltaire. His dislike for the priesthood was well known. Someone once said to him, "If you subtract pride from priests, nothing remains." "*Vous comptez donc, monsieur, la gourmandise pour rien?*" said Voltaire.

* * *

Descendants of the Man of Iron

The death of the Grand Duke of Baden, whom Bismarck, in 1890, it will be remembered, reproached for having connived at his fall, and the forthcoming visit of the German Emperor to England, accompanied by the German Chancellor, Prince Bülow, renders of particular interest the photographs of Bismarck's grandchildren which we publish in this number of THE BYSTANDER. They are the two sons of Bismarck's eldest son, the late Prince (Herbert) Bismarck, and of his wife, *née* Countess Margaret Hoyos, and, in appearance, it is noticeable that they resemble in no small manner the features and general characteristics of their paternal grandparents. In the girl, her grandfather's wonderful eyes and shaggy brows and her grandmother's distinctly Slavonic cast of countenance are startlingly reproduced. In the boys, though only children, the piercing eyes, the great breadth of the face, the large, well-laid back, rather deer-like ears, the almost parallel outline of short nose and kindly, rounded chin, which were the distinguishing features of his illustrious grandfather, are all to be remarked. The children, too, have that appearance of physical strength, of enormous vitality, of symmetry and balance, which so predominated in one's impressions of the great Chancellor, who "never regarded birth as a substitute for ability," and who in his composition combined with "something of the tenderness of the woman, much of the *naïveté* of the child, and all the qualities of the man." In his youth, Bismarck was the wildest of the wild. In his love he was passionate, in his work obstinate, positive, and determined.

THE PRINCESS PIA MONICA

In Quest of Whom, Busily Intrigue the Minions of his Bold Badness the King of Saxony. The child is now being kept by H.R.H. the Princess Marie Antonette Louise of Austria, and Saxony, and Montignoso, and Toselli, who is never—no NEVER!—going to let her go. Who-op!

* * *

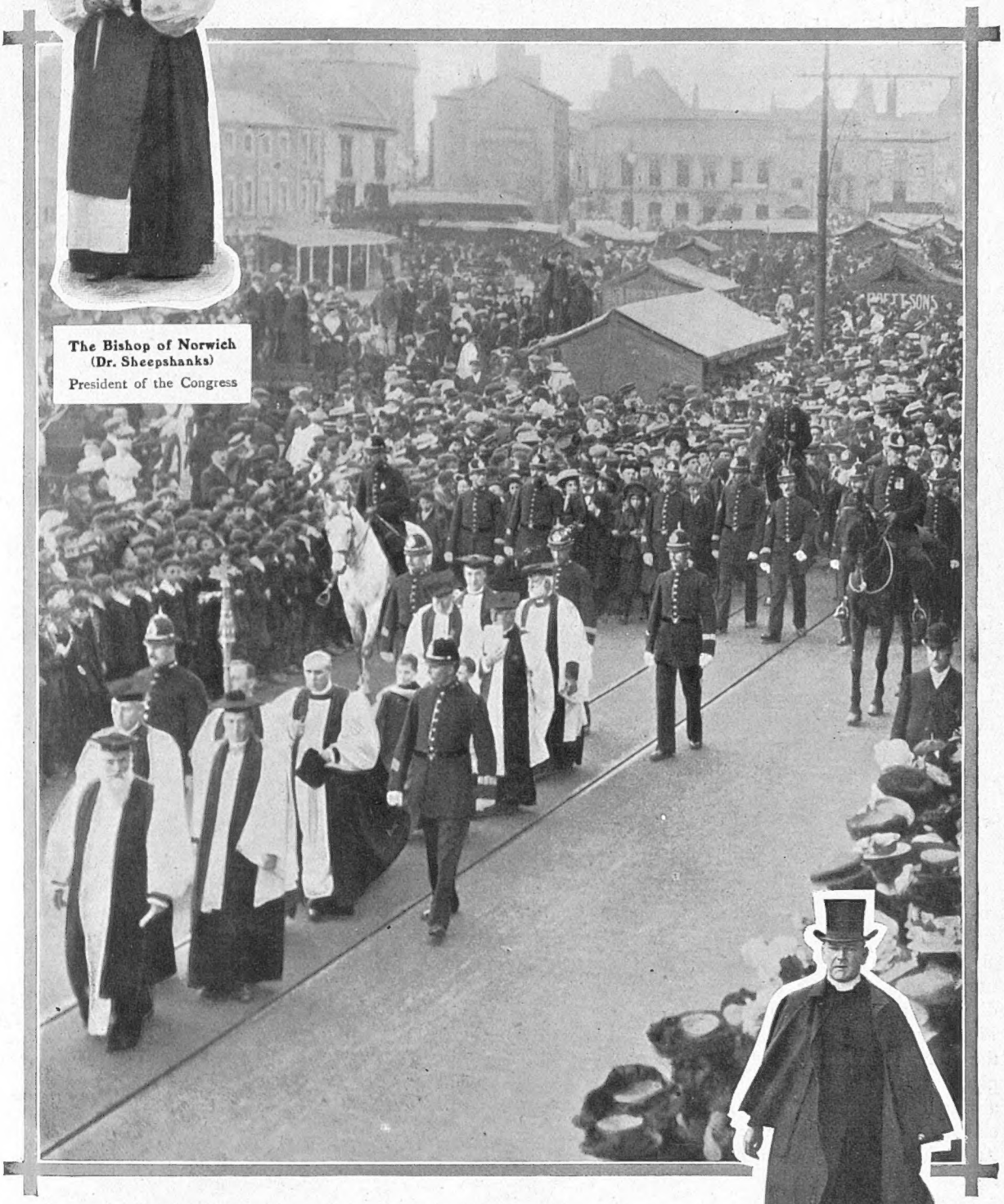
Persia and the Convention

Punch, last week, hit off the Persian treaty by displaying Russia and Great Britain agreeing to stroke different halves of the Persian cat—the animal itself complaining that she had not been consulted in the matter. Certainly, it would be interesting to know what the Shah himself thinks of the calm partitioning of his Empire by two alien Powers. If all one hears of him be true, he is not quite the kind of man upon

Airing Their Little Heresies AND ALSO THEMSELVES

PRELATES AND PRIESTS IN CONCLAVE AT YARMOUTH

The Bishop of Norwich (Dr. Sheepshanks)
President of the Congress



The Bishop of Norwich Archbishop of Canterbury

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Church Congress, Yarmouth: Procession to the Parish Church

Archdeacon Sinclair
A prominent figure

The staid and solemn proceedings usually associated with the Church Congress seemed to be lacking this year at Yarmouth, where the meetings last week were enlivened by spirited discussions and startling expressions of opinion on the part of several members of the Episcopate taking part. Most prominent among these were the remarks of the Bishop of Norwich, President of the Congress, rather approving of Disestablishment, and suggesting that the Bishops should dispense with their palaces and a lot of their pay, and those of the Bishop of Stepney frankly welcoming the tenets of Socialism!

"The Centre of the Universe"

whom it is possible to trample with impunity. With his accession in January last, Persia would seem to have entered upon an entirely new phase of her political life; for, even now, the new Shah's reign promises to be as radically different from his predecessor's as was the reign of the late Sovereign from that of his imperious father.

* * *

The Present Shah—

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Ali Shah, the present "Imperator" of Persia, is the sixth Shah of the Kajar dynasty, which was founded by Agha Mohammed towards the end of the eighteenth century. The Shah, the eldest of several brothers, is a man of thirty-five, strong, healthy, and, as befits a good Persian, very stout. In spite of his earnest desire, he was not allowed to visit foreign countries in order to study at European universities. He is, nevertheless, for a Persian, very well educated, and can speak, besides Persian and Turkish, a little French and Russian. He is by no means averse to European innovations; like his father before him, he is extremely fond of using telephones and phonographs, and goes in largely for photography. He is an excellent shot and a fine sportsman. He is fond of hunting, riding, and motoring. His cars are all French, and his chauffeurs Belgian. The country around the capital is studded with his parks and palaces, all connected with good roads, and always ready for a sudden visit. As the Shah, like all his subjects, uses neither chair nor table for his meals, no special dining-rooms exist in his palaces. Meals are served where and when the fancy strikes him, and, complying with Oriental etiquette, he always eats alone and with his fingers. Dinner, an elaborate feast, is served at about ten o'clock in the Anderoon, or women's apartments.

Photo Underwood and Underwood, New York

His Imperial Majesty Mohammed Ali, Shah of Persia, wearing the Kajar Crown

Though his Empire is now partitioned into spheres of influence, he himself, happily, remains solidly enough intact. This unique photograph is the only one in existence, and has never before been published

* * *

—And His Government

Unlike his father, the Shah takes a very active part in the task of governing his turbulent Empire, and shows an aptitude for diligence and hard work which his Ministers and servants have perforce to emulate. He rises early, and, after a very light breakfast, a bath, prayers, and a stroll in the Imperial gardens, is ready for the affairs of State, which occupy him until lunch-time. Formerly, during these morning hours, instead of transacting State business, the Shah would send for all his chamberlains and would instruct them, on pain of death or disgrace, at once to relieve the tedium of the day by inventing new games for his distraction. The present Shah dresses, except for his Persian hat, entirely in European fashion. On State occasions only he appears in the costume prescribed by custom for a Persian monarch, and is then literally covered with precious stones of enormous size and value. In the Eveless Court of Persia there are no social functions, and theatres are unknown.

* * *

The Shah's Harem

Like most Orientals, the Shah has a large Anderoon (harem); in fact, he has several, the largest being in Teheran, while others are scattered about the country. The buildings and gardens set apart for the Shah's ladies are very remote, strongly guarded, and elaborate; and in the very midst of them stands a lovely white palace, square in shape, and two storeys high. This is the *K'hab-gah*, or Palace of Sleep; and here the Shah sleeps, as did his father before him, guarded by a special guard of eunuchs and women. All the time he is asleep he is massaged. As a rule, the women of the Anderoon have no education. They dress and undress, eat sweetmeats, gossip and intrigue all day long, listening eagerly, whenever they get a chance, to the professional story-tellers. The making of pilgrimages is their only outside diversion. Such pilgrimages, however, are not often carried out by the younger members of the Shah's household for fear that, during their absence, their rivals might supersede them in the affections of the "Centre of the Universe," their master.

* * *

The New "Gerrard"

I was conscious, as I read the other day of the transference into a new building of the entire business of the Gerrard exchange, of a distinct sense of disappointment. Previously, in the back of my mind, "Gerrard" had been "wropt in mystery." That it was a place, a house, or just a street had never occurred to me. Often had I thanked the high telephonic gods that it was my fate, as I could not be quite "Mayfair," to be "Gerrard," not "Hop," or "Holborn," or "Avenue." The name, I had imagined, was given as a species of treat to a few favoured subscribers. "Few," because they don't like to be flurried at Gerrard. "Favoured," because it is so difficult to get a "Gerrard" number when one wants it that most of the applicants give it up, and

Court Scenes in Persia

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE SHAH'S HAREM

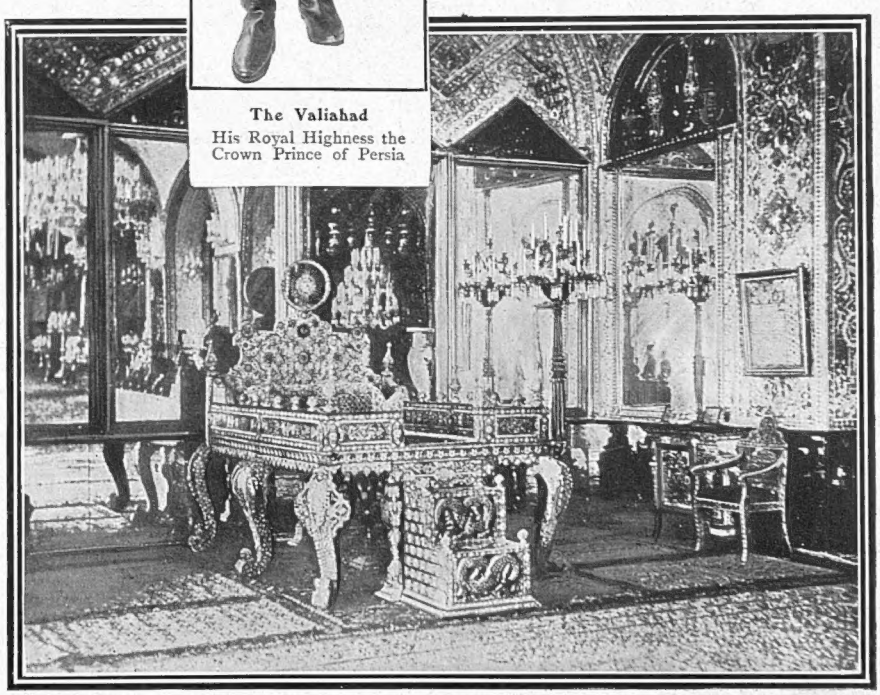
Anderoon Palace, Teheran: The Shah's Harem

Each wife and each favourite is the mistress of a household of her own, so the establishment is one huge family of several hundred women

OWING to the Anglo-Russian Agreement, Persia is the country of the moment, and revelations of life in the Royal Harem in that land, culled from an authentic source, are of especial interest. The Anderoon Palace, as it is called, is the residence of the Shah's wives and favourites, the present monarch contenting himself with the comparatively trifling number of a dozen or so. As each of these ladies is attended by her own household—all, of course, females, as the Shah and a few privileged doctors are the only men who may enter the sacred precincts—the establishment is entirely composed of women. The wives must not do any work with their hands—not even the finest embroidery or needlework — so that their long day is occupied with intrigue, eating sweetmeats, paying calls upon one another, and, on rare occasions, upon high-born ladies in the capital, when their progress is marked with the greatest pomp. Their amusements mainly consist of entertainments provided by female dancers, jesters and musicians, and bargaining with those women merchants to whom entrance is vouchsafed. In the Shah's Harem, Worth, of Paris, finds a market for out-of-date costumes, and so vain and so feminine are these "queens," that they will pay the most exorbitant sums for an exclusive model, if they can thereby prevent a rival "queen" obtaining it. As a general rule, however, these ladies, for all the luxury of their surroundings, are most childishly ignorant, and their sole ambition in life is to be the mother of the heir to the Throne. The principal Queen of the late Shah, however, was an exceptionally clever woman. She was no mean poet, and her verses on the beauties of nature are gems of their kind.

The Valiahad

His Royal Highness the Crown Prince of Persia



Photos *Underwood and Underwood, New York*

The Famous Peacock Throne

The Tahte-Taous or Peacock Throne was brought from Delhi by the Nadir Shah, the conqueror. It is covered with plates of pure gold, elaborately enamelled, and profusely encrusted with precious stones

"Hello, Gerrard!"

the "Gerrard" subscribers therefore live in comparative telephonic peace. It belonged, I imagined, to the theatres and music-halls and restaurants, to the haunts of pleasure rather than of work, and its delightful name had probably been evolved from the inner consciousness of some telephone director in whom the dregs of romance still lingered. I was all wrong, it seems. Never had I imagined that the romantic appellation took root in nothing more than a back street in Soho! But so it is, and here, too, is where one of the most important of the National Telephone Company's exchanges is quartered. It has over 20,000 instruments in connection, and it has increased since 1905 from 4,038 to 6,200 subscribers.

* * *

Discreet Publications

Royal disclosures, it seems, are to be the salient feature of the autumn publishing season. The Duke of Argyll is to enter the lists with his recollections in a book entitled "Passages from the Past," which, even if of no outstanding literary merit, should be of interest, for the Duke has certainly had opportunities. Viscount Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson at last announce, for simultaneous publication next week in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York, the long-promised Selections from the Letters of Queen Victoria. This "Selection," I am told by one who should know, is to be served up with discretion doubly distilled. Viscount Esher—was he not for several years private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire when Marquis of Hartington?—is the very soul and spirit of discretion, and fortunately, or unfortunately perhaps from the point of view of interest, the authorities, in apportioning to Mr. A. C. Benson instead of to his brother, Mr. E. F. Benson, the task of editing the Letters, failed to fall into the memorable error made by a certain eminent literary critic when Mr. A. C. Benson's "Life of Walter Pater" came into his hands for review. "The author of Dodo," he cried, "polluting Pater with his puerile pen?" or words to that effect, "How dare he?"

* * *

Other Argyll Memoirs

The late Duke of Argyll's Memoirs were, it will be remembered, published after his death in the form of a biography by his widow, Ina, Duchess of Argyll. The Duchess, who still retains much of the grace which made her one of the handsomest Scotch girls of her day, married the old Duke, as his third wife, only five years before his death. She nursed him devotedly, and they appear to have been very happy in spite of the great disparity in their ages and the Royal displeasure which their union evoked. By name Ina McNeill, the Duchess had, as a girl, been the victim of an unhappy love affair. Queen Victoria, ever sympathetic towards the wearers of the willow, appointed her Extra Woman of the Bedchamber and, for a time, Private Secretary. When the aged Duke fell in love with the pretty Waiting-Woman and announced his intention to marry her, the Queen expressed her unqualified disapproval. She disapproved of second marriages—how much more of third? However, the Duke was obstinate, and the marriage took place, very quietly, and without the presence of a single relation of the Duke's, in the private Chapel of the Episcopal Palace at Ripon. At his death, in 1900, the old Duke left in his wife's hands all his papers and precious manuscripts, and from these she compiled his memoirs.

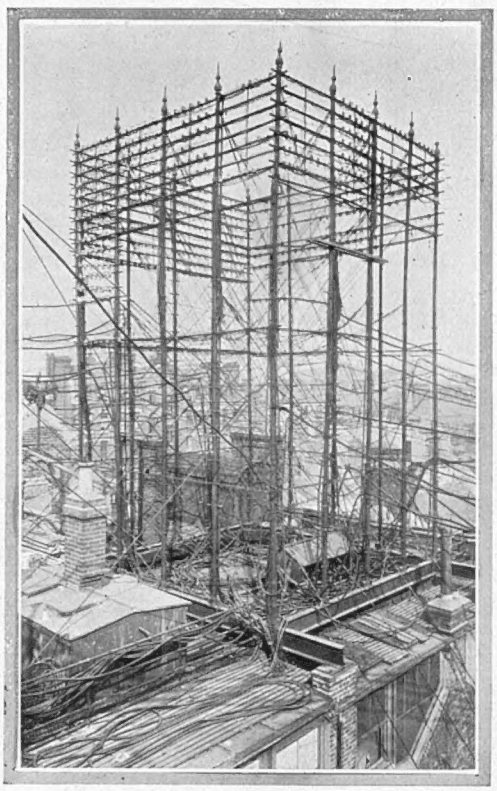


Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

"Gerrard," the Famous Telephone Exchange

We have all of us at some time of our lives talked to the famous Gerrard Exchange, but there are few who have had any idea of what it is like. The rapidly increasing number of subscribers has necessitated more commodious quarters, and the entire system was transferred on a recent Saturday with only a fifteen-minute interruption of the service

* * *

The Princess Pia Monica

Signora Toselli, ex-Countess Montignoso and ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, strikes a particularly false note in her constant reiteration of her intention never to relinquish her little daughter, the Princess Pia Monica, to her father, the King of Saxony. Apart from the fact that her two *affaires de cœur* have proved her not exactly the right kind of person to have charge of the upbringing of the young Princess, she has not hitherto, in regard to her other children, shown any overwhelming proof of her love for them. She left them when their need of her was greatest, and it is only too obvious that her chief fear in losing the little Princess lies in the fact that, with her, in all probability, goes a large part, if not all, of her income. At present, certainly, the Princess Pia Monica having been publicly acknowledged as his daughter, the King of Saxony allows the Signora Toselli £180 a month. He has announced that he will continue this allowance, but it seems improbable, once his child is in his possession and his late wife is the legal wife of another man, that he will continue to do so. The Countess, it is to be hoped, may find happiness in her latest venture, but that she should be paid to do so is scarcely to be expected.

"Uncle Arthur is All Right!"

BISHOP INGRAM SUMMED UP BY HIS CANADIAN NEPHEWS AND NIECES AFTER A VISIT TO THEM AT GROVESEND, ONTARIO

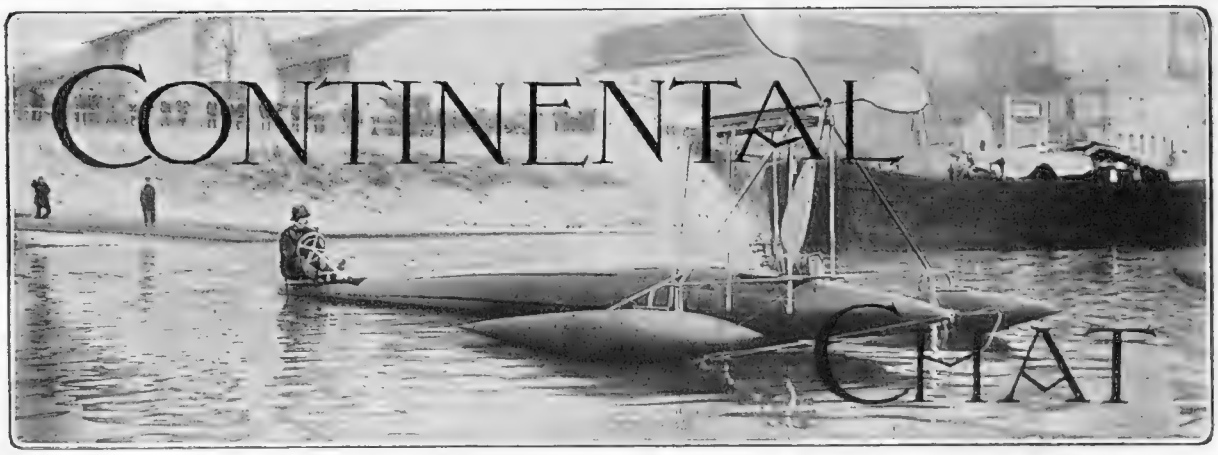
Dr. Winnington Ingram addressing a Congregation in front of his Brother's House at Grovesend, Ontario

Photos *Renbold*

Fraternisation! The Bishop of London in the bosom of his Brother's Family (the father, Mr. F. H. W. Ingram, on the right)

Though himself a bachelor, Dr. Ingram is known to be devoted to children. He enjoyed good sport in this connection while on a brief visit to his brother's house at Grovesend, Ontario, on the shores of Lake Erie, whither Mr. F. H. W. Ingram settled thirty years ago. The family numbers nine. The Bishop spent much time with the young people, romping with them on the beach, and introducing them to the latest London games (Diabolo?). Carried *nem con* by his nephews and nieces: "That Uncle Arthur, though a Bishop, is all right"

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Photo] **M. Santos Dumont's New Hydroplane** [*Topical Agency*

Which made some successful trials on the Seine on September 24, and is expected to travel at 100 kilometres per hour

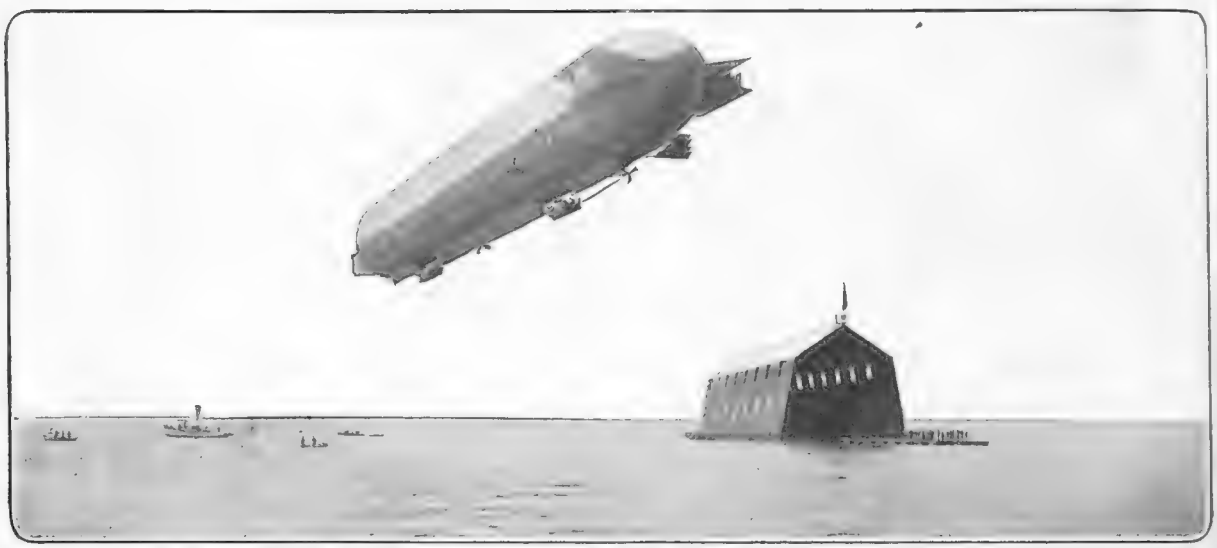
The Paris Councillor and his Costume

The Paris Municipal Councillors' visit to London reminds one of the envy expressed by them when they first saw the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs, and other visitors in their civic costumes. The Paris Councillors are, as a fact, entitled to wear a sort of uniform, but probably the cost of it and the spirit of "equality" at first deterred the members. Since last year's visit, however, the question of again using it has been under serious, though unofficial, consideration. As yet, inefficient progress has been made to discard the ordinary evening dress with tricolour sash, and when these Councillors return they will probably feel more than ever the absence of some dress to distinguish them from waiters and butlers. When they last visited London, it was at the invitation of the County Councillors, who are still their companions in sartorial drabness, and they did not feel so much as they now do the lack of "pomp of office." The French at least dearly love decorative uniforms, and as a fact they use them plentifully for all but elective representations. Even the members of the French Académie wear gorgeous apparel when *en grande tenue*, whilst judges and professors, when they turn out on great occasions, are dazzling in their magnificence.

The Movements of the Countess Montignoso

The adventures of Princess Louise of Saxony throw an interesting sidelight on the lives of Royalties. There can be no doubt that the Princess in question was, and is, even now, perhaps, extremely popular in her own country. In the famous "Confessions" of which she is supposed to be the author, she gives as one of the reasons of her husband's father and mother's great dislike for her the fact that "the people loved her so dearly." There was nothing the King disliked more than popularity-hunting and self-advertisement, and in his estimation "love and respect could never be akin."

Princess Louise, whatever she may say to the contrary, enjoyed all the supposed pleasures of high rank and wealth, unlimited possibilities in the selection of her intimates, and children to whom she was attached and who were attached to her. If there was a comfort she had not, she had money to procure it, and last, but not least, she had an unblemished reputation. And yet, in the prime of life, she has thrown everything to the winds—not, apparently, as a case of "for love well lost," but merely to get away to something else. She had wealth, and has chosen poverty; she had rank and esteem, and has chosen disgrace; and, at



Photo] **Zeppelin's Airship revolving around its shed on Lake Constance** [*Deville*

Count Zeppelin has made, with his airship, one of the most remarkable experiments as yet recorded in the history of aeronautics. Starting from Manzell, he visited the principal towns of Lake Constance, viz., Constance, Lindau, Friedrichshafen, described a circle round the Town Hall of each, and returned to his shed at Manzell in the teeth of the wind. She remained aloft four and a half hours, and covered about fifty miles. The ship is 404 ft. long by 38 ft. in diameter. Her Daimler motors are 85 h.-p., and her propellers do 1,000 revolutions a minute

the bottom of it all, one can only find an irresistible desire for freedom to do what she was forbidden to do—a desire to live the life of the common people, to drive in a cab instead of a carriage, to be lost in the crowd waiting for an omnibus, to hold an umbrella over her head and slip unnoticed across the muddy streets, to live in squalid lodgings, stand in the file waiting to get into the pit at the theatre, and, in fact, to do the unusual thing, whatever it is. Perhaps when she has lived a few years among the sordid preoccupations, sham gentility, and pretentious insignificance of the Italian middle classes, she will have a longing for something else. Will she then choose Bloomsbury (she will not be respectable enough for Stuccovia), or the Quartier Latin, and, eventually, may she not drift back to the horrible comfort of a Royal home? Legally she can always do so, for her present marriage is null and void in her own country.

Photo] **Nearly an Historic Tragedy: The wreck of the Tsar's yacht, "Standart" off Horsoe** [*Drankow*

The *Standart*, which ran on to the rocks off the Finnish coast, with the Tsar and Tsaritsa on board, is now a complete wreck. She has six gigantic holes in her sides. The accident nearly involved the loss of the Imperial family, who were only saved by the arrival of the Reval steam lifeboat. The affair has, for reasons of Russian State, been kept strangely quiet considering the extreme gravity of its possibilities

The Wreck of the "Standart"

It is astonishing how little attention has been paid to the wreck of the Tsar's yacht, the *Standart*, considering how terrible might have been the issue. In Paris drawing-rooms speculations have been made as to what would have happened had the Imperial Family suddenly disappeared, who would have become Dictator, and what horrors would not have taken place had Russia been deprived of her autocratic ruler? The fact that the *Standart* affair has been so quickly hushed up makes persons here suspicious. Pessimistic Russians have told me that the whole thing was done on purpose, and possibly the poor Tsar, whose nerves are still very much shaken, was of the same opinion. I do not suggest that he was lacking in confidence towards his captain and crew, but can one be astonished at anything which takes place in a country where even the footmen bringing up the meals from the kitchen must be protected by an armed soldier?

Yet why have the papers, which chronicle the slightest ailment of a monarch as an extraordinary piece of news, devoted so little attention to this disaster? I think it very probable that the Tsar's Ambassadors in Europe have urged the Press to pass over this event, and they seem to have complied with their request.

* * *

Famous Club Closed by the Sultan

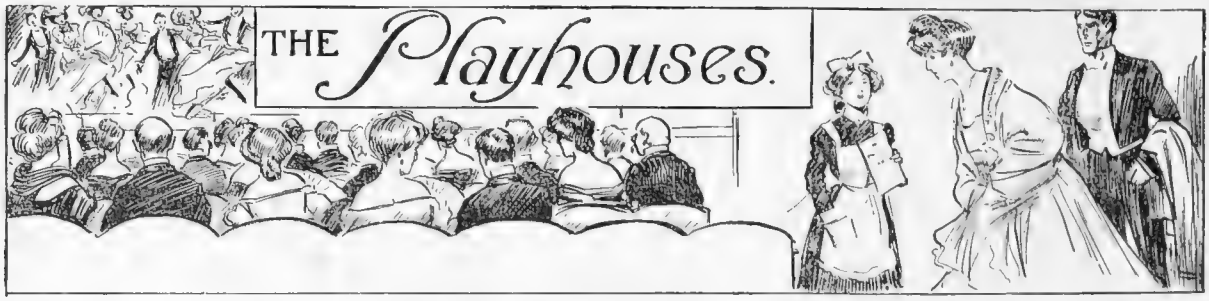
The closing of the Giaours Club in Constantinople has caused a great deal of scandal and not a little indignation. To this luxurious building came all the members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Ministers, and most important members of Turkish Society. For a long time the Sultan has looked with disfavour on this club. Its existence was contrary to his political laws, whereby individuals must be kept isolated. He saw that, at this club, statesmen had opportunities of meeting, and of discussing politics; consequently, he ordered the Grand Vizier to close its doors as soon as possible. Had the club been essentially Turkish this would have taken place long ago—if, indeed, it had ever been allowed to open; but as the Giaours has been the retreat of many a European, the Sultan had to work discreetly, waiting patiently for his opportunity. This came the other day, when the son of a Turkish Minister lost about £200 in less than five minutes, and the *croupiers* refused to let him play on credit. This is the only excuse the Sultan can find for his conduct, and the strict measures he is taking for separating the "faithful" and the "heretics."

* * *

October Continental Train Services

For the convenience of passengers about to travel to the Riviera, the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway have arranged with the French railway companies for a first-class lavatory carriage, with *lits-salon* accommodation, to run daily from October 1 from Calais to Marseilles, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, and Ventimiglia in connection with the Dover boat train leaving Victoria and Holborn at 11 a.m.

Intending visitors to Vienna and Trieste are informed that, from October 1, a through sleeping-car will run daily from Calais without change of carriage. The service leaves Charing Cross at 9 a.m., and, on arrival in Brussels, the sleeping-car from Calais is attached to the Vienna and Trieste train-de-luxe.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

COURT THEATRE

"Barry Doyle's Rest Cure"

Mr. Otho Stuart has opened his season at the Court Theatre with one of those unpretentious little plays which keep one in a perpetual ripple of laughter. *Barry Doyle's Rest Cure* is not boisterous enough for farce; it is not deep enough for comedy. It is betwixt and between. The fun comes not in the situation, but in the writing. Five minutes after the curtain is raised we can guess the position of parties when the curtain will fall upon the third act. But we are constantly being surprised by the humour of the dialogue. Moreover, the authors, W. Gayer Mackay and "Robert Ord," have conceived one character, the valet, Cotter, which would enable Mr. C. M. Lowne, should he be dared to do so, to carry the play upon his own shoulders. This character is not an original creation. There is at present a microbe affecting dramatists, causing them to make their high-born characters lead, if not a "simple life," at least a life where they have to rough it. Upon these campaigns they always take one of the household staff—butler, chauffeur, valet, as the case may be. The campaigners are made to enjoy discomforts according to scale. The higher their position in the social scale the more they enjoy "pigging" it. Thus, dukes and millionaires rush cheerfully about performing menial tasks in their shirt-sleeves, while their servitors sniff at the difference between this wild life of the woods and the comforts of the "servants' hall." Of this disdainful type is Cotter, and his passages with the peppery ghilly Macdougal make the house rock with merriment. To write that Cotter calls Macdougal "Flossie" may call up no smile upon the reader's face. To relate of Cotter that, looking out of the window, he announces, "There are three ladies coming, sir—no, beg your pardon, sir, two ladies and Macdougal," may not inspire hilarity. But go to the Court Theatre and hear Mr. Lowne say these things, and if you do not laugh the fault will be your own.

In Barry Doyle, Mr. W. Graham Browne finds a rôle which admirably suits his personality. The millionaire is a cheery youth, utterly unspoiled by his fortune, and possessing a highly developed sense of humour. He is a susceptible young man, and his light-comedy love scenes with Lady Hazel, who refuses him, and Lady Jean, who finally accepts him, in spite of the hated millions, are among the best in the play. Jack Harverson, played by Mr. A. Holmes-Gore with rather too much of the "jolly-good-fellow" touch, is one of those bosom-friend secretaries rarely seen off the stage, but he contributes his fair share to the evening's amusement. Miss Rose Musgrove and Miss Beatrice Terry play, in easy, unaffected styles, the two young ladies of high degree whom fate, after a misunderstanding which does not matter much, finally apportions to the two young men. Altogether a capital light entertainment with a laugh in every other line.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Incomparable Genée

Mlle. Genée is, of course, the central figure in the new Empire Ballet, "The Belle of the Ball"

Miss Lena Ashwell

Miss Lena Ashwell, the new lessee and manager of the old Great Queen Street Theatre, re-named Kingsway, makes her bow to the public in a little booklet, which contains, besides most interesting details of the newly constructed theatre, a modest outline of her policy. In the first place, the reformers who welcomed Mr. Cyril Maude's innovation will be glad to learn that Miss Ashwell also has decided to adopt the policy of numbered and reserved seats in all parts of the house. This is good hearing for all except those wonderful enduring creatures whose pleasure it is to take their places in a queue before the ordinary man has left his City office. Space is devoted in the booklet to showing what everyone should know—viz., that the new

The Humours of Cotter

IN "BARRY DOYLE'S REST CURE" AT THE COURT

Mr. E. V. Rae (*Macdougal*) Mr. C. M. Lowne (*Cotter*)

Mr. W. Graham Browne (*Barry Doyle*) Miss Beatrice Terry (*Lady Jean*) Miss Rose Musgrove (*Lady Hazel*) Mr. A. Holmes-Gore (*Jack Harverson*)

Cotter tells the assembled company the moving story of his affair with the young lady from Penge

BARRY: "Cotter, you've brought it. You've got to drink it" COTTER (*drinks*): "I hope I shall be able to control it, sir!"

The unfortunate Cotter is made to drink the concoction prepared by the molly-coddling Lady Strathesk for Harverson, whom she imagines to be the millionaire

Kingsway Theatre ranks with the most accessible in Town. Within a few yards of the theatre is the Kingsway itself, with L.C.C. trams and a fine service of horse and motor-'buses, while a line of 'buses from Victoria to King's Cross passes the doors of the theatre. The cab fare from nearly all the principal hotels and railway stations is 1*s*. Coming to the policy of the theatre, Miss Ashwell shows that she is determined to profit by the experience of others. Following the system inaugurated by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, she will produce at matinées pièces which, while worthy of production by reason of their artistic merit, would not, perhaps, interest a sufficient number of the public to warrant their being put in the evening bill. Miss Ashwell will open with a new play by a new author, Mr. A. P. Wharton, entitled *Irene Wycherley*. She has engaged a strong company, which includes Messrs. Norman McKinnell (who will produce her plays), Henry Vibart, C. M. Hallard, Dennis Eadie; the Misses Frances Ivor, Christine Silver, Gertrude Scott, and Muriel Wylford.

NEW EMPIRE BALLET

In ballet the old is for ever young. Make a list of the most popular ballets of recent years, and you will find those have never failed to draw the town which are artfully made up of melody and *mise-en-scène* familiar to the audience. The new Empire ballet is one to haunt both old stagers and young stagers. To quote the programme, it is a Terpsichorean *Pot-pourri* of Popular Melodies. How useful is a programme. Without it, I had never arrived at this elegant piece of description. The gentleman responsible for selecting the music has drawn the sweetest melodies from those masters of melody: Offenbach, Lecoq, Planquette, and Audran. In Covent Garden, appropriately enough (have they not come from a fancy dress ball?), congregate our old friends La Grande Duchesse, General Boum, the Marquis Pont-sablé, Justine Favart, Clairette Angot, Rip, and a host of others. It is this species of ballet which takes you miles from your neighbour in the next stall. Watch the audience. They are not talking to one another. Each is sunk in a reverie of opera. When the ballet is over, then they will awaken from the dream and start discussing this great singer and that great singer, present-day opera and past-day opera.

But it is a ballet also for the young stager. If he cannot recall *Madame Favart*, he knows every demure look, every soul-lifting song of sweet Violet Gray, the Belle of New York; and he can hum (under his breath, let us hope) the Swing Song from *Véronique*. This selector of the ballet music has brought his *pot-pourri* right up to date. When the operatic masqueraders have finished, it is the turn of costers and donahs, of Covent Garden porters and porteresses. Suddenly a frenzied female rushes on the stage. Her bonnet is awry. She is much agitated. As she goes through the pantomime of passion one tries not to hum aloud—

> There was I
> Waiting at the church!
> Waiting at the church!!
> Waiting at the church!!!
> . . . . . .
> Can't get away
> To marry you to-day,
> My wife—won't let me!

One who is familiar with the various operas introduced cannot but be struck by the fidelity with which the dances and the business, even down to the smallest bits of chorus work, are reproduced. Each character, as played by the clever members of the Empire cast, becomes an impersonation. Mlle. Genée adds another to her long list of triumphs. She is adorable as ever. Mr. Farren is the life and soul of the production. He has the happy faculty of doing an enormous amount of work without appearing to be working so very hard. E. C. S.

Photo *Vandyck*

Mr. Maurice Farkoa

Who is taking up Joseph Coyne's part of Prince Dandillo in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's

In Suburbia

Suburban playgoers this week will find sumptuous fare much nearer their doors than the West End. Miss Ellen Terry is playing to crowded houses at the Fulham Theatre in Bernard Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. Nothing could exceed the charm with which she invests the part of Lady Cecily. Miss Terry is supported by her husband, Mr. James Carew, as Captain Brassbound, and an exceptionally strong company. Those who have not yet seen Mr. Weedon Grossmith as the excruciatingly funny valet, Crosbie, in *The Night of the Party*, should lose no time in visiting the Kennington, where the piece is billed to appear for this week only. Mr. Grossmith, who has lately been delighting playgoers as Mr. Ponderbury at the Vaudeville, has played the part of Crosbie upwards of two thousand times. The company include Miss Esmé Beringer as Gipsy Vandelier, and Miss Roxy Barton as Lady Hampshire. At the Croydon Theatre, Mr. H. B. Irving with his company is appearing in repertoire after a most successful tour in the Provinces. That successful musical play, *Amāsis*, with Messrs. Rutland Barrington, Roland Cunninghame, and Lauri de Freece, and Miss Madge Vincent in their original parts, is to be found at the Camden. Amāsis herself is played with a good deal of charm by Miss Winifred O'Connor. The original Amāsis, Miss Ruth Vincent, is touring in *Tom Jones*. Mr. Edmund Waller, a son of Mr. Lewis Waller, is on a visit to the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, with his father's company, as Brigadier Gerard. R. M.

The Late Lord Brampton

Photo *Baker*

The famous Judge (Sir Henry Hawkins) passed peacefully away in his house in Park Lane at six o'clock on Sunday, the 6th. He was in his ninety-first year, having celebrated his ninetieth birthday on September 14 last. He was "called" in 1843, and first attained fame as "junior" in a *cause célèbre* of 1847—Burdett-Coutts *v.* Dunn. Later, he consolidated his position as Counsel in the Tichborne Case, for it was as a result of Mr. Hawkins's eloquence that Orton was ultimately found guilty of perjury and sentenced. Stories about "Sir Henry" abound, and, though the most Draconian of modern criminal judges, he was universally respected among the criminal classes as a man who combined severity with wisdom and justice with kindness of heart

The Men Who Guard the Channel

Photo *Russell*

REAR-ADMIRAL F. G. FOLEY AND HIS STAFF ON BOARD H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS"

On October 2, Admiral Foley took over the command of the Channel Fleet, in succession to Lord Charles Beresford. The members of his staff are: Flag-Captain H. H. D. Tothill, Flag-Lieutenant G. B. Villiers, Flag-Secretary H. E. Hall

Last Week's Fashionable Wedding

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE WEDDING OF LADY DOROTHY LEGGE AND MR. FRANCIS MEYNELL AT ST. GEORGE'S

Last week was remarkable for the large number of weddings that took place, of which the above was one of the most notable. At her marriage with Mr. Francis Meynell, son of the Hon. Frederick and Lady Mary Meynell, of Burton, the bride was given away by her father, the Earl of Dartmouth

The First Cruise of the "Nulli Secun":

(*As Intelligently Anticipat* E Bys

The young and impressionable "Nulli Secundus," the British Army's first real military airship, had a great treat on Saturday. Its progenitor, Colonel Capper, and its nurse, Mr. Cody, brought it all the way from Farnborough to London, where it spent a whole Saturday. The itinerary was much the same as that followed by other youthful sightseers. Entering London proper at Hammersmith as sl Office, Charing Cross, and St. Paul's Cath over lowness of the structure being greatly adm Af close proximity to it as greatly to frighten wh

: Military Airship Encircles St. Paul's

BYSTANDER *of September 11*)

From a photograph taken from the spire of St. Bride's Church

shown Hyde Park, Whitehall, the War r which it hovered for a long time, the After encircling the vast edifice—in such ho disbelieve in the security of Wren's masterpiece—little "Nulli" was taken over the river, *viâ* Clapham Common, to the Crystal Palace, where, quite properly, it descended and spent the week-end. The "Nulli Secundus" was in the air nearly four hours and covered altogether about fifty miles with and against the wind. The authorities are highly satisfied with the trip.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Silver (and Gold) Fern

When, after the conclusion of the famous New Zealand team's tour in England, "The Complete Footballer" — a book written by Messrs. Gallaher and Stead, its captain and vice-captain—appeared, I was particularly struck by the attitude which the writers took up towards professional football. I gathered from what they said that, in their opinion, it would never make any headway in New Zealand, and that the possibility of a professional organisation, similar to the Northern Union in England, arising and revolting from the parent amateur body need not be seriously considered. Accordingly, when the Northern Union at the end of last season conceived the bright idea of giving a fillip to the decaying interest which the public in the North were taking in the doings of its clubs by inviting a team of "All-Blacks" to come over and play matches with them, I awaited the result of their efforts with some curiosity. I wondered, having regard to the vaunted purity of New Zealand football, whence a team—I do not say of professionals, but of men willing to play against professionals—would be forthcoming. For to play against professionals is forbidden by the laws of our Union, and therefore, presumably, by the laws of the New Zealand Union, which are based on ours. But that such a team is forthcoming is now a matter of history. It has arrived; and it has dùly been escorted to its headquarters by brass bands and bacchanalian crowds. And the awkward part of the thing is that it is alleged to comprise the cream of New Zealand football, and does, in fact, comprise four members of the former *Amateur* Team of "All Blacks," including Macgregor, the famous three-quarter. On the other hand, I am somewhat relieved to find that it does not contain either Gallaher or Stead. They, at any rate, have not sought to stultify their own utterances. It, of course, remains to be seen whether the tour will have the desired effect of restoring the waning fortunes of Northern Union football or not. If it has that effect, I hope that the New Zealand Union will recognise the fact that this has incidentally had the further effect of damaging the cause of Rugby Union football proper; and that it will accordingly stiffen its back and harden its heart against any temptation it may feel to apply the whitewashing brush to the case of players with whom it is loth to break by reason of their undoubted skill and prowess, remembering that they are probably reckoning, for that very reason, on being able to defy its authority with impunity.

The New Zealanders at Leeds
Wright, the Captain, chatting with Smith

A Good Appointment

The appointment of the old Cambridge and International forward, C. J. B. Marriott, to the post of secretary to the Rugby Union, vacated by the retirement of Percival Coles, is in every way a suitable one, and I feel sure that I may congratulate the R.U. on having secured the services of a really good man. Marriott, who is about forty-five years of age, had a distinguished football career in the 'eighties. Educated at Tonbridge School and Cambridge University, he gained his Blue as a forward in 1881, and played for Cambridge for three years. On leaving Cambridge, Marriott joined Blackheath and played regularly for "the Club," of which he was captain for

Photos] **The New Zealand Team Practising at Leeds: The break-up of a scrum** [*Topical Agency*

The New Zealand Football Team, who are touring the North of England under the auspices of the Northern Union, began their practice at Leeds last week. This team includes four of the famous All Blacks who recently visited this country

two years. He gained his International cap, 1884-87, and in one season captained the English team. Since his retirement from the game, he has held for a time the post of Secretary of Queen's Club, now occupied by another old Rugger International, A. E. Stoddart, and was, and still is, very popular with the members.

YACHTING

What I Have I Hold

It is a very great pity that the New York Club have not embraced the opportunity afforded by Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge of making the contest for the America Cup a sporting event instead of a foregone conclusion. There is a clause in that remarkable document, the Deed of Gift, which lays down the conditions under which the Cup is competed for, called by those who are familiar with it, "the Mutual Agreement Clause," and it provides that the conditions aforesaid may be varied by mutual agreement between the parties immediately concerned. Britons are a stubborn race, and it has taken a number of years to convince British yachtsmen in general, and Lord Dunraven (with his *Valkyries*) and Sir Thomas Lipton (with his *Shamrocks*) in particular, of the futility of trying to win back the Cup under the onerous conditions which are imposed upon the challengers by this same Deed of Gift. But they are convinced of it now; and they know, moreover, that the America Cup races have done nothing whatever towards promoting the welfare of the sport. In fact, recent legislation has been directed towards the suppression of the very type of boat—a mere racing machine, and not a sea-going ship at all—which the conditions of the Deed of Gift allow the defenders, and, therefore, practically compel the challengers, to build. Added to this, the challenger, if she be British, must be built in Great Britain, and must cross the Atlantic on her own bottom in order to compete against the defender in America. She is bound, therefore, to be of a certain strength of build. The defender, on the other hand, has no ocean voyage to negotiate; her build need only be sufficiently strong for the actual racing in home waters; she can be, in fact, a mere shell. The defenders, too, can try any number of boats against each other and pick the best to represent them, while the challengers are bound to challenge with one specified boat. Accordingly, Sir Thomas Lipton has this time qualified his challenge by stipulating that recourse should be had to the mutual agreement clause, so as to enable the races to be sailed under the ordinary racing rules of the New York Yacht Club, and it is safe to say that if the Americans had given way upon this point the contest would have excited far more interest among yachtsmen than it has ever done before, for the elements of fairness and reality would no longer have been lacking. However, it is not in the American nature to relinquish voluntarily any advantage they may possess—even in matters relating solely to sport. And so Sir Thomas's challenge has been politely but firmly declined. It is announced that Sweden has weighed in with a challenge. If she has, I admire her chivalry, but not her discretion, for she can only be embarking upon an enterprise which the experience of this country might have taught her is hopeless. Personally, I should prefer to see the America Cup and its capture left severely alone by all nations until its guardians can be induced to meet them in that fair and sportsmanlike spirit which comes easy enough to some people, but seems at present, at any rate, to be beyond the range even of their comprehension.

Photo *Dixon*

The Kent Ladies' Golf Championship: Miss D. Evans, the winner, putting on the eighth green

The final of the Kent Ladies' County Championship was played on Thursday last at Sundridge Park, as the result of which Miss D. Evans, of Barnehurst, beat Miss M. Powell, of Sundridge Park, by 4 up and 2 to play

Racing: Kempton and the Cesarewitch.

By "CARBINE"

Sancy's Performance

When we saw the ease with which Sancy cantered away with the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday, it made us think that he was a terribly unlucky horse to have lost the Eclipse Stakes. Racing, however, is made up largely of these strange reversals of form, and it serves no good purpose to brood over "what ought to have been." We can at least be thankful for the fact that Sancy started at quite a nice price last week. This was due to the confidence which was felt by those connected with Qu'appelle, who ran shockingly badly, and the race again showed us that our three-year-olds are not a brilliant lot. Mr. "Billy" Bass has a real good horse in Sancy, and it is pleasant to see it, for he is one of the best supporters of the Turf.

A Future Oaks Winner?

Did we see the future winner of the Oaks, and, perhaps, of the Derby, at Newmarket last week? I allude to that very charming filly Miranda, who has the distinction of being full

Mr. W. Bass's Sancy, Winner of the Jockey Club Stakes

sister to Pretty Polly. It is a far cry to the classic races of 1908, yet I don't think you could induce our bold bookmakers to lay you anything like a long price about Miranda for the Oaks. She is one of the nicest youngsters seen out for a long time, and may probably turn out to be the best of her age. Her meeting with Lesbia will be awaited with the keenest interest. Lucky Major Loder! No sooner does he send one brilliant performer away to the stud than another comes along to achieve further honours for him. A good many owners would like to know the secret of it. Good judgment, no doubt, partly accounts for his success, but there must be luck with it.

The Duke of York Stakes

At Kempton Park next week-end we ought to see some exceedingly good racing. The great event of the meeting is the Duke of York Stakes on Saturday, and this is bound to have an important bearing upon the Cambridgeshire, seeing that so many horses are engaged in both races. The hollow style in which Polymelus trotted away with the Duke of York Stakes last season will not be easily forgotten. But there will be no Polymelus to fear this year, as the grand horse has gone amiss, and may never run again. Roseate Dawn, who was second to him, has been given an excellent chance at the weights. There are other candidates, however, bound to be dangerous. For example, Dalkeith, who ran very well over this course in the Spring; he has not done anything brilliant lately, but we know he can go when he likes. Malua, whom many people fancy for the Cambridgeshire, is sure to be backed if he goes, and among the three-year-olds, My Pet II. and Linacre are probably the best at the weights. I anticipate the success of **Roseate Dawn**, and I regard MALUA as being distinctly the next best.

A Double for the Handicaps

For the Cesarewitch the outlook has not greatly changed since this time last week. Rather unexpectedly, Radium was sent to contest the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Paris on Sunday, and it cannot be said that his Cesarewitch prospects are improved by the effects of that race. Happily, the scares concerning Baltinglass and Wuffy are both dispelled, and the former has now settled down into a position of red-hot favouritism which is doubtless justified by his prominent running in the St. Leger and the small weight which he will carry on the 16th. With two such candidates as Baltinglass and Hammerkop in his stable, Mr. Gilpin ought to have a very fair idea of the chances of the race, but personally I cannot perceive that Hammerkop can beat Demure on the strength of their Newbury running, and I am doubtful, too, whether the favourite has anything in hand of Mr. W. Clark's filly. I am writing this before the Nottingham meeting, where the filly was due to run, and I shall have the opportunity of making my final selection next week, but from all that I learn I believe **Demure** will prove to be the best thing. The Cambridgeshire is a good way ahead yet, but I like the chance of Sagamore, who put in a very fine performance at Newmarket last week under a big weight, and was only beaten by Fort Myers because the latter had the benefit of Higgs's masterly jockeyship and finishing powers. I have a keen recollection of the fine way in which he won at Liverpool, and so my double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire shall be **Demure** and **Sagamore**.

Kempton Forecasts

In the valuable Imperial Produce Plate on Friday, I see nothing capable of lowering the colours of **Lesbia**. For the Coventry Plate, on the same day, my selection is **Rockbourne**, and **Paddington** may secure the Richmond Plate. In addition to the Duke of York Stakes, the Kempton Park Nursery will be an interesting event on Saturday, and **Fallen Angel** may score.

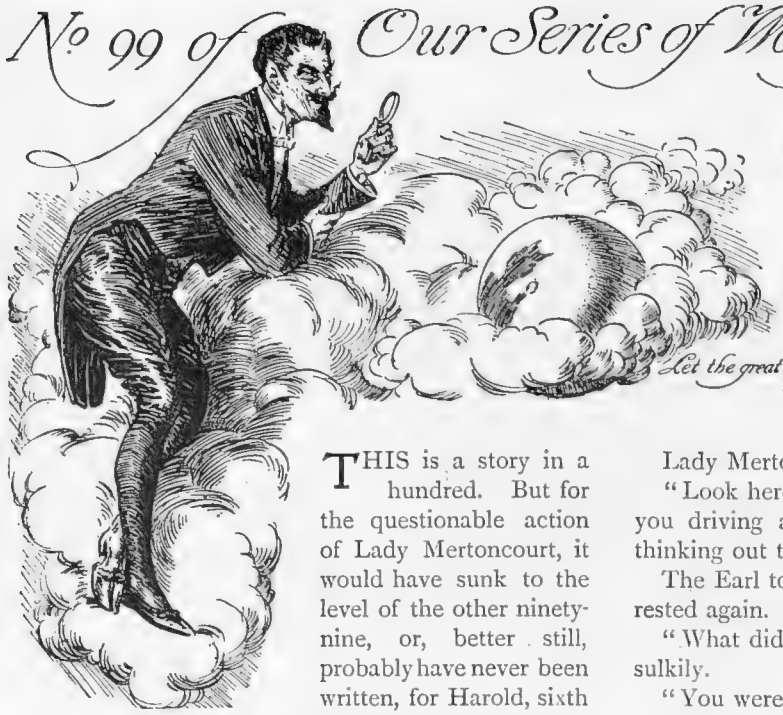
A Bewitching Stage Expression

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Dolly Dombey

Now appearing in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre. She played the rôle of Fi-Fi before the part was taken up by Miss Gabrielle Ray

No. 99 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Country-House Comedy

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study"—Chesterfield

THIS is a story in a hundred. But for the questionable action of Lady Mertoncourt, it would have sunk to the level of the other ninety-nine, or, better still, probably have never been written, for Harold, sixth Earl of Armston, might have married the lady of his choice, and nobody cares to read about the ordinary sort of marriage except those firms making a speciality of necessities for the very young, who put away the marriage announcement until such time as they think the happy couple may be glad of a circular.

But Lady Mertoncourt's duplicity saved the commonplace.

It happened at a large, old-fashioned country house near Taplow, owned by a gentleman who, hampered by the money he had made in the City, sought happiness and Society's favour, innocently imagining that the two were synonymous. The week-end party numbered twenty; but, in order to raise no false issue in the reader's mind, I will state at once that fifteen of these people are superfluous. Two play leading parts—Lady Mertoncourt and the Earl of Armston, the other three concerned being Gladys Mertoncourt, Mrs. Seaton Bingley, and her daughter Dora.

The Earl of Armston loved, or, rather, coveted, Dora Seaton Bingley, which nowadays is the same thing; and Gladys Mertoncourt loved the Earl, or, rather, his title and money—which is also, nowadays, the same thing.

And on the broiling hot Sunday morning in August the Earl of Armston took Lady Mertoncourt for a pull on the river.

His lordship was very silent for some time, then he suddenly rested on his oars and observed:

"I daresay you are wondering why I asked you to come with me this morning?"

Lady Mertoncourt eyed him critically. The perspiration was standing out in beads upon his thin, sallow face, and his manner was nervous.

"I never wonder," she said with a smile, "it's so boring; I wait and see what happens."

His lordship deliberately wiped the perspiration from his brow with a feminine-looking handkerchief.

"Perhaps you thought I was doing it to keep pleasantly cool?" he remarked with sarcasm.

Lady Mertoncourt bent forward.

"Look here, Armston," she said quietly, "what are you driving at? You didn't spend all yesterday in thinking out that remark about being cool, did you?"

The Earl took three or four vigorous pulls and then rested again.

"What did you mean about yesterday?" he asked sulkily.

"You were out all day yesterday, and I have eyes."

"Yes"; then, half-grudgingly, "you're a clever little woman."

Lady Mertoncourt accepted the tribute as her due, and slightly inclined her head. The deep grey eyes were watching the young man keenly.

"I want," said the Earl slowly—"I want you to help me in a little matter."

"So I gathered," murmured her ladyship sweetly.

Armston ran the boat alongside the bank; he pulled off a blade of grass and twisted it about nervously as he spoke. There was rather a cunning light in the usually vacant face.

"You know I'm rather sweet on Dora Bingley," he said quickly. "I don't know why it is, but she doesn't seem over keen on me; I believe there's an impecunious parson in the wind. She's too pretty for a parson. I always associate parsons' wives with large families, small incomes, and cold meat. I've a cousin, you know, who's a parson—quite a decent chap; he breaks out every two months, comes up to Town, gets into respectable clothes, and paints the Town red. His wife's——"

"Don't you think family histories awfully boring?" suggested Lady Mertoncourt. "Little Dora is much more interesting."

The Earl, pulled up short in his rambling, seemed at a loss as to how to proceed.

He produced a cigarette and lit it.

"I've plotted a plot!" he said, throwing the match into the river.

"How very interesting."

"And I want your help."

Lady Mertoncourt glanced at the little gold watch on her wrist.

"We must be back to lunch in half an hour. Don't you think you had better come to the point? If you are going to be so mysterious I shan't help you; every woman hates a mystery unless she's in it."

"Well, I know you'll do me a good turn. It's very simple: all I want you to do is to send someone along to the billiard-room about ten to-night,

(*Continued on page 82*)

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A Lyceum Favourite

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Valli Valli, who is now appearing as Polly Love in "The Christian" at the Lyceum

Miss Valli Valli has taken a part in each of the pieces produced at the Lyceum since it entered upon its new lease of life some months ago. In *The Christian*, which is now enjoying such a successful run, she appears as Polly Love, a victim of Lord Robert Ure, one of the villains of the play

(*Continued from page 80*)

and, about ten minutes later, bring someone else along there."

Lady Mertoncourt elevated her delicately pencilled eyebrows.

"Perhaps the heat has made me more than usually dense, but would you mind translating?"

"Certainly not," replied Armston quickly, his face flushed, and there was a gleam of triumph in his eyes. "My plot is simple; that is the beauty of it. I know that if I proposed to Dora I should be refused, and Mrs. Seaton Bingley would never be able to make things right, therefore I am going to place the girl in such a position she will have to accept me."

"Yes," replied her ladyship, her fingers were nervously twisting the silken cord on her pink parasol.

"I want you to send Dora to the billiard-room to-night at ten o'clock on some pretext or other; none of the people here are players, so that it is morally certain to be empty. A few minutes later, I want you to come in with anyone you like, two or three people if you can manage it. As the door opens I shall kiss her, you will stare at me haughtily, the sort of stare you freeze a tradesman with if he asks for money, and I shall explain that we are engaged. Rather 'cute, isn't it?"

"Y-yes," said her ladyship absently; then, after a long pause, during which the man watched her anxiously, "How do you know the girl will agree?"

"Oh, it's not a cert," said the Earl lightly. "But it's ten to one that she will. She's a sensitive little beggar, bless her, and would hate a scandal. Her mater would be a regular she-devil if her social ambition was knocked on the head. Besides," he added, "it's not as if she hated me, or anything of that sort, you know. I believe I should have been all right, bar the parson chap; and it's odds against the parson if you back me up to-night. Now, you're a jolly good sort, Lady Mertoncourt, and we've been pals for some time, are you going to help me?"

Photo *Weston*

Miss Flora Chetwynd

Now playing in *The Merry Widow* at Daly's Theatre

"Row me back," said her ladyship, quietly, "I want to think. I'm not going to say anything about honour and all that sort of thing, you know."

"All things," said Armston, impressively, "are fair in love and war."

Nevertheless, he winced.

The journey back was made in silence. When the boat glided alongside the well-kept lawn of the house near Taplow, Lady Mertoncourt alighted, unassisted, with the agility of a school-girl.

"Well?" asked the Earl, as he tied up the boat.

Lady Mertoncourt turned and faced him—she was boring holes in the grass with the point of her parasol.

"Oh, of course, you want my decision about to-night's little comedy. Well, after due consideration, I will assist you to obtain a wife."

"You're a brick," cried the Earl. "I could kiss you!"

Lady Mertoncourt, with a peculiar little laugh, ran across the lawn to meet her hostess and apologise for keeping lunch waiting.

After that somewhat informal meal she walked round the table and touched her daughter on the shoulder.

"I want to speak to you in my room, Gladys."

The girl pouted her pretty lips.

"Oh, bother, can't you wait until after tea, I am going——"

"You are coming with me," said her mother, shortly, as she sailed from the room, the girl meekly following. In the hall they met Dora Seaton Bingley, armed with a novel. Lady Mertoncourt smiled sweetly at her as she passed.

At tea several people remarked what a colour Gladys Mertoncourt had.

. . . . .

As the ormolu clock struck ten, Lady Mertoncourt yawned perceptibly and rose from her chair near the drawing-room window.

"Is any man here a Christian?" she asked earnestly.

Probably no man was, but Ellison, of the Foreign Office, and Maxwell, the sleeping partner of the biggest firm of West-End moneylenders, simultaneously inquired the reason for the remarkable question.

"I want someone to be a Christian enough to come and teach me billiards."

Considering the day, it was a strange test of faith, but Lady Mertoncourt used the word "Christian" in the sense that it is most generally known.

"I didn't know you played," said Ellison, lazily; he was hoping to make her ladyship one of the four at Bridge when Lord Armston turned up.

"I don't, but I want to learn. Dick Sewell gave me some idea of it when I was down at his place a few weeks ago."

"I'll make a bargain, then," replied Ellison, rising. "I'll play you one game of billiards if you'll make a four at Bridge when Armston turns up. By the way, does anyone know where the beggar is?"

Everyone professed ignorance except Lady Mertoncourt, who believed in saving a lie where she conveniently could.

As Ellison held the door open for her she turned with a smile.

"If you people want amusing you should come too—I cut Dick's cloth twice."

The City Man who Cultivated Society grinned weakly as he rose from his chair, and several men decided to go simply to watch his face.

Therefore, when Ellison opened the billiard-room door quite a little throng was behind him.

"I expect I . . . Oh!"

Ellison would have backed out precipitately, but Lady Mertoncourt gently pushed him in and followed herself.

"Gladys!"

It was a mother's cry of reproving dismay.

The flushed girl struggled from the unresisting arms of the Earl of Armston, his lordship's face was pale and his lips were murmuring something that no one could hear.

"Mamma," said the girl softly, but just loud enough, "Harold and I are engaged."

The men fled.

. . . . .

What the Earl said to his prospective mother-in-law, or what the prospective mother-in-law said to him is not recorded, but his lordship sulked badly for a fortnight and was married six months later.

The marriage was little more unhappy than is usual in that class.

Dora Seaton Bingley left the "Set," married the parson, who became a Canon, and their marriage is a little more happy than is usual in their class.

C. Malcolm Hincks.

A Stickler for Custom

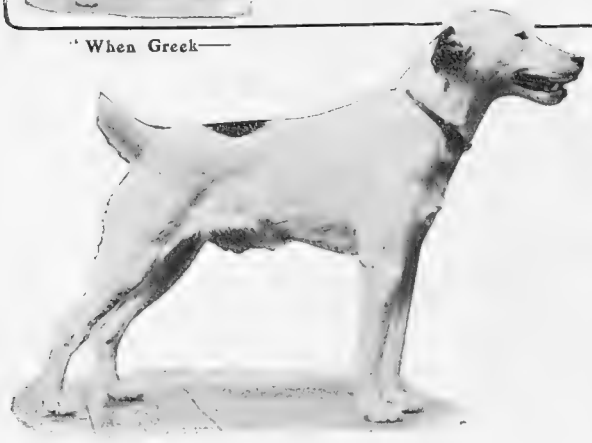
CONSIDERATE MOTORIST: "I'm awfully sorry I knocked you down—hope you ain't hurt. Now what can I give you?"
YOKEL: "Well, zur, 'ow mucn do 'e generally give?"

BY LAWSON WOOD

The Dog Cult at Oxford

PRIZEWINNERS AT THE FOX-TERRIER SHOW

"When Greek—



—Meets Greek"

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Mr. G. F. Lawley's Standard Reaction

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The Rough-Coated Champion

Mr. J. J. Holgate's Southboro' Salex

Mr. J. C. Tinne's Crumbo

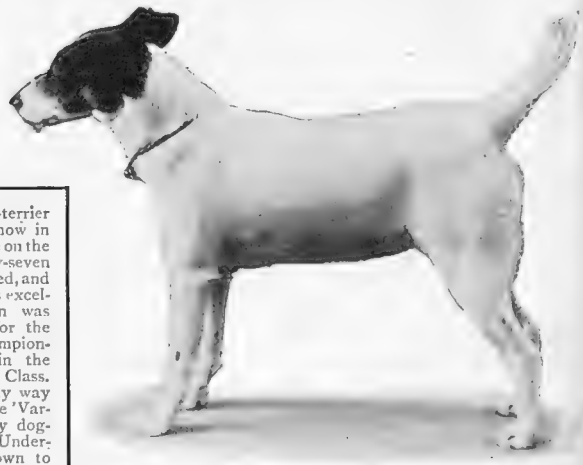
An eight-months'-old puppy, which won firsts in the Puppy, Novice, and Special Novice Classes

Photos

Miss M. E. Lewis's Admiral's Ball of Paignton

Winner of a first in the Maiden Bitch Class

The Oxford Fox-terrier Club held their Show in the Corn Exchange on the 26th ult. Eighty-seven terriers were benched, and the attendance was excellent. Most keen was the competition for the Kennel Club Championships, especially in the Rough-Coated Class. Though not in any way associated with the 'Varsity, a great many dog-fancying Dons and Undergraduates are known to enter for the Show "on the quiet" and under an assumed name. Among the exhibitors was the the Duchess of Newcastle



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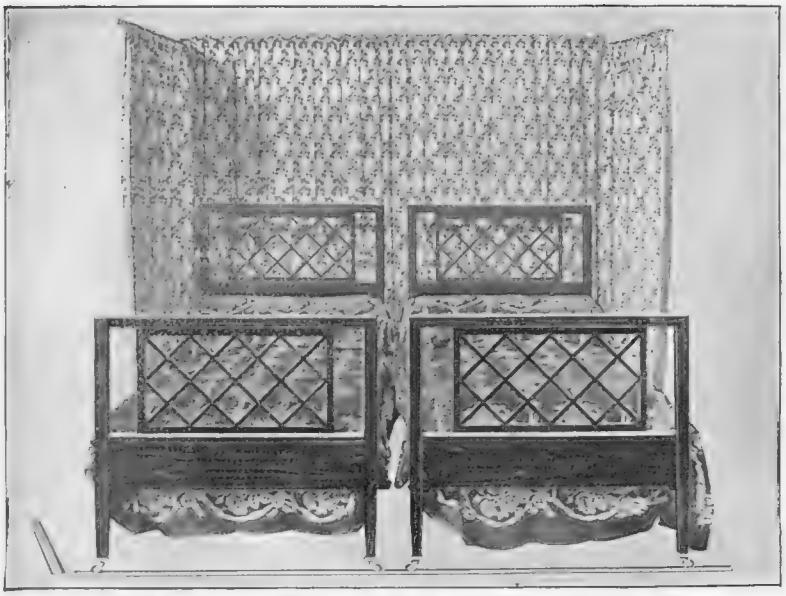

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Royal and Ancient Autumn Meeting

On the 25th of last month I was congratulating Mr. Pollock on his success in the Jubilee Vase Tournament, and encouraging him to further efforts for the capture of the Autumn Medal, the greatest prize in a scoring line which an amateur can gain. Mr. Pollock has responded nobly by securing the coveted medal with the magnificent score of 74, which ties with the record set up in 1904 by Mr. Norman Hunter in the same event. Mr. Pollock was closely hunted home by Mr. "Ted" Blackwell. Both went out in 38, and were even with three holes to play. For these last three holes Mr. Pollock recorded 5, 4, 4, the dropped stroke at the sixteenth being retrieved by the fine 4 at the dreaded seventeenth. When Mr. Blackwell started these holes by taking the sixteenth in 4, it must have looked any odds on his making a tie of it with Mr. Pollock. He got his 5 at the seventeenth, and so was still on terms with his young antagonist. But the last hole, which is for him, in golfing parlance, a sitting 4 and a very possible 3, cost him 5 strokes, owing to a faulty second. Thus he only secured the Club Gold Medal. Altogether there were six scores under 80, a sufficient testimony to the ideal conditions of weather and course. Mr. Crawley-Boevey secured the George Glennie Medal for the aggregate scores of the Spring and Autumn Meetings with the excellent total of 162.

An Injustice Removed

The business meeting, which, as usual, took place on the afternoon preceding the medal day, bids fair to mark an era, owing to the importance of the matters with which it dealt. *Imprimis*, a long-standing injustice to one of the finest courses in the world, and one of the oldest English clubs, was removed by the decision of the meeting to empower its Championship delegate to propose to the delegates of the other four clubs governing the Championship that Westward-Ho should be included in the rota of Championship courses. As my readers may remember, I have always urged the addition of Westward-Ho to the Championship courses, and I am heartily glad that the Royal North Devon Club is at length fairly certain to achieve its ambition, for I do not suppose that the other clubs will dissent from St. Andrews on this point. Deal was suggested in opposition to Westward-Ho, but the latter carried the day. I have nothing to say against Deal, but its near proximity to Sandwich, I should imagine, put it out of the running. Westward-Ho will give us a complete change, and we now have an even number of Scottish and English courses, all of that standard which is a *sine quâ non* for Championship courses. There was also some talk about a proposed change in the Open Championship, and this matter was left in the hands of the Club Championship delegate to discuss with the other delegates in due course. I presume the change will eliminate the gross unfairness of the present arrangement, under which one-half of the competitors get a clear day's rest after playing their first two rounds, while the second half have to play six rounds without a day's break.

Tariff Reform

The subject of the congestion of the old course was also touched upon. The Committee were empowered by the Club to negotiate with the town authorities, with the view of putting a tariff on the old course. At present there is a tariff on the new course, while anyone may play on the old links without payment. I should say that the shifting of the tariff from the new to the old course would go some way towards solving the problem, and would have the incidental advantage of driving people on to the new course, which will be all the better for having more play on it. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Committee and the town will come to an agreement, and will move Parliament for powers to impose the suggested tariff on the old course.

The Question of an American Representative

I have left, perhaps, the most important matter to the last, viz., Mr. Hutchinson's motion for the inclusion of an American representative in the Rules of Golf Committee. As the Rules of Golf Committee were already in communication with the Americans on this subject, and the negotiations were not yet complete, Mr. Hutchinson withdrew his motion. The matter has now been settled most satisfactorily by the invitation to Mr. C. B. Macdonald, an ex-President of the United States Golf Association, to become a member of the Rules of Golf Committee. Mr. Macdonald is well known in the golfing world, is a member of the Royal and Ancient, and used to play at St. Andrews in the early 'seventies. He is a Canadian by birth, but has resided in America for many years, and founded the Chicago Golf Club in 1893. He is famous as the prime mover in the making of an ideal course at Chicago, which is to consist of accurate reproductions of the best holes of the most famous courses in the United Kingdom. Mr. Macdonald was over here a year or two ago for this purpose, and, after exhaustive study of numerous links, made a selection of eighteen holes, so that, when the course is made, the Chicago player will be able to sample a bit of the best of several famous courses during his daily rounds.

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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Are we to return to the chain drive? Some weeks ago, THE BYSTANDER received from Mr. S. F. Edge a document which made no bones about the matter. The chain drive, according to the versatile Managing Director of the Napier Company, was an anachronism which belonged to a pre-historic age—motoring age, perhaps I should say—and the Napier Company, for one, had entirely discarded the use of the chain drive in their designs. The opinion was further expressed that the chain drive only existed because certain firms had laid down machinery in the past for the purpose of making the chain drive, and had not the courage to scrap the machinery in accordance with modern progress. THE BYSTANDER ventured to express the meek opinion that, after all, some of the leading cars in the world still adhered to the use of the chain; while, as regards the smaller cars, experience was proving that the shaft-driven car was not equal in efficiency to the chain-driven car. The manufacturers of the small car to-day are undoubtedly returning to the centre chain drive, and they would not be discarding the cardan shaft unless they had very good reasons for knowing that the chain-driven car was to be preferred. I alluded to this at the time, and Mr. Edge was good enough to admit that there might be some merit in the chain-driven car; but evidently that merit did not apply to the large car.

* * *

In view of this opinion of one of our leading manufacturers, it is interesting to note that the tendency on the part of the big French firms is to return to the chain drive. The Paris correspondent of the *Motor* says, in this week's number, "The small town chassis excepted, the European manufacturers will now equip almost all their models with the good old chain drive. A chain case of leather or aluminium will also be seen on every fashionable *voiture* in 1908." What have Mr. Edge and the whole-hearted adherents to the shaft-driven car to say to this? There is undoubtedly a great feeling in this country, as well as abroad, *pace* Mr. Edge, that the cardan shaft or bevelled drive, though it looks workmanlike, has been by no means as satisfactory as it was supposed. The strain upon the differential gears, whenever there is a difference of level between the two traction wheels, is very pronounced, a very evident fact in this country, where the camber of the roads is noticeable. Then, again, with the shaft, one has to reckon with the instability of the rear part of the car when driven at high speeds. The strain upon the wheels is greater with the cardan shaft than with the chain drive, which is to the detriment of the tyres, while any engineering expert will tell you that the loss of power in turning round at a speed is far greater with the shaft drive than is the case with the chain-driven car. It is satisfactory to note that the French manufacturers intend to encase their chains, as it will undoubtedly result in less rattling and noise, and that the shaft chain also will run in oil—a plan followed out for some years in the Sunbeam cars.

Car-icature—No. XLVII.:
The Right Hon. Sir John H. A. MacDonald
Scotland's foremost automobilist, besides being Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland, President of the Scottish A.C. and a distinguished man of science, is a great military expert, and has done much to further the use of the car in the Army
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

It often surprises me that the technical motor papers give so little attention generally to the foreign and Colonial markets, for it is a subject about which too much cannot be written. The opening of new markets for British-made cars is a matter that is of paramount importance, and it therefore needs no apology if I draw attention to the fact that the British manufacturer is not giving that attention to the Colonial market—and I would instance the Canadian market in this connection—that it should do. Canada, with its growing population and its increasing wealth, opens up an enormous field for the motor manufacturer, especially in view of the fact that it has many good roads, while numerous new highways are being built. Yet in 1905 Great Britain only exported six cars to Canada, while 379 were sent over the border from the United States. As in other trading matters, the Americans are apparently grabbing the Canadian market, although they have to pay a duty of 30 per cent., from which the British-made car is free. The Americans, realising their opportunities, are not only exporting American cars into Canada, but are setting up factories—the Ford Company, who claim a larger output of cars than any in the world, and the Chatham Company having factories in the Dominion. The British-made car has not attained that popularity outside these Isles that it needs to acquire, but there are numbers of good British cars of moderate horse-power, economical in consumption

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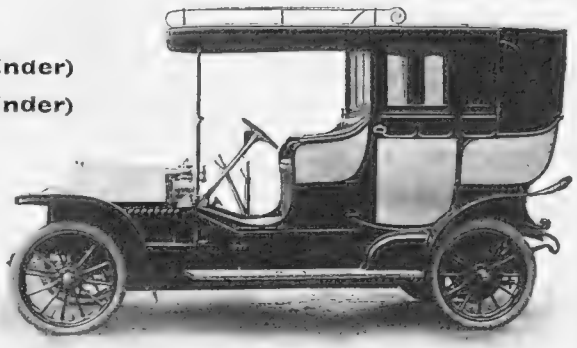
Our 1908 Models, 16-24 and 24-32 h.p., will have a live-axle drive. Orders for these cars can be booked at our Stand at the forthcoming Olympia Show.



Trial Runs by Appointment.

16-24 h.p. TOWN AND TOURING CAR, £675.

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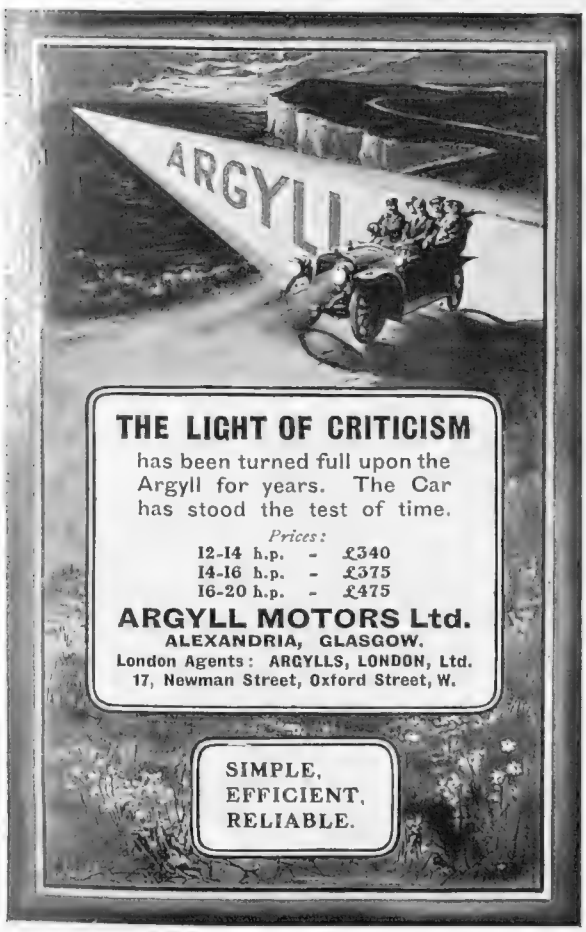
T. J. HARMAN & CO., 20, Lower Regent St., London, S.W.

Telephone: 4762 Gerrard. Telegrams: "VINOT," London.



THE LIGHT OF CRITICISM

has been turned full upon the Argyll for years. The Car has stood the test of time.

Prices:

12-14 h.p. - £340
14-16 h.p. - £375
16-20 h.p. - £475

ARGYLL MOTORS Ltd.

ALEXANDRIA, GLASGOW.

London Agents: ARGYLLS, LONDON, Ltd.
17, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.

SIMPLE, EFFICIENT, RELIABLE.

AVON TYRES

No Tyre lasts for ever,

but owing to the special quality of rubber & canvas used for AVON TYRES they resist punctures and moisture and last longer than others.

Price List Post Free from Postal Dept.

AVON INDIA RUBBER Co., Ltd., MELKSHAM, WILTS.

of fuel, and cheap in price, which could command a ready sale in Canada if properly placed before the public. A few English weekly papers (may I suggest THE BYSTANDER among them!) circulate well in Canada, and by their means the manufacturer can reach a wide field there.

* * *

There are so many good tyre manufacturers now that the motorist is apt to become bewildered; but if one gets hold of a tip, it is worth while passing it on. For some time, on my car, I have been using the Avon tyre, manufactured by the Avon Indiarubber Company, Ltd., Melksham, Wilts. The Company have made a great study of the tyre trade for many years, in addition to the mechanical rubber business, in which they are well known as contractors to the British and foreign Governments. The Avon tyre is made of the very best material, which, speaking from experience, I can say wears very satisfactorily, while the price certainly does not err on the expensive side. Of course, the life of a rubber tyre is considerably shortened by the hard wear it has to stand; moisture soon weakens the covers, and, if not detected, will cause a burst tyre. By a special process, the cover of the Avon tyre is claimed by the manufacturers to have been rendered more waterproof than that of any other, thus adding to the life of the tyre. I can specially recommend their beaded covers, whose durability and strength are hard to beat. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

A Section of the Avon Tyre

Showing the thick metal-studded outer cover

* * *

Miscellanea

The Bombay motor trials will be held on December 26, 27, 28, and 29 next. The average run will be about 150 miles a day, and will include five hill climbs. These trials are followed with great interest in India.

The Brooklands Club has issued a new series of instructions, which will in future be given to drivers taking part in the races on that track, with the object of preventing any further disastrous accidents such as happened to the ill-fated Mr. Herman.

Messrs. Colin Defries, concessionnaires of the Porthos car, inform us that they have now arranged to supply Porthos cars at an exclusive price of £350 per annum, including everything in connection with the running of the car, with the exception of garage. This includes paying for the driver and insurances, and places no limit as to the distance covered. Messrs. Colin Defries tell us that, as a result of this enterprising arrangement, one of their customers has run her car 1,000 miles during the last ten days, but they hope all their customers will not be as fond of motoring as this!

We have just received from the Daimler Company a very charmingly got-up little book, entitled "Useful Hints and Tips." This gives all particulars concerning the adjustment and working of the Daimler, and can be had on application to the Company at any of their premises.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XLVII.:

The Right Hon. Sir John H. A. MacDonald, K.C.B., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.S.E., M.I.E.E.

Sir John MacDonald, who forms the subject of this week's Car-icature, has been aptly described as the foremost automobilist in the Land o' Cakes. He is Lord Justice Clerk of Scotland and President of the Scottish Automobile Club. As a pioneer motorist he has done yeoman service in popularising the sport on both sides of the Tweed, but, perhaps, his greater services to the cause have been rendered along the lines of commercial and military usefulness. Sir John, in fact, is an expert on military drill and tactics. As Brigadier-General commanding the Forth Brigade when in charge of the Lochcote Camp, he utilised motor-cars for the conveyance of mails to and from Linlithgow, and was the first to use a petrol engine in military manœuvres. Sir John is Honorary Colonel of the Motor Reserve, and led the march past H.M. King Edward at Edinburgh on the occasion of the great review in 1905. A brilliant lecturer, one of the most delightful of after-dinner speakers, and a scientist of high attainments, Sir John MacDonald is an acquisition of whose whole-hearted support every member of the motoring community may and does feel legitimately proud. D. M.

The Latest Pattern 18 h.-p. Reo Car

This English-built body is exceptionally roomy, and adds greatly to the appearance of this reliable but inexpensive make. This car was built for Dr. Birshoff, of Tunbridge Wells

To buy a Motor-Car go to THE MOTOR SUPPLY COMPANY, LTD., 111, Piccadilly, London, W. New and second-hand cars of all makes always in stock. Expert advice given without any charge. Tyres, spare parts, accessories, and motor clothing.

No. 555,

4/9 per 100 2/6 per 50 6D. per 10

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Manufactured in LONDON by ARDATH TOBACCO CO.,

These delicious high-class cigarettes are totally distinct from any others obtainable.

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

BRITAIN'S HIGHEST - CLASS PRODUCTION.

"If there is a 'best car' it is the Itala"—thus writes a well-known motoring engineer. No car has scored a more brilliant series of successes during the past few months than the ITALA. Prince Borghese's triumph in the great Pekin-Paris race will live for ever in motoring history; Cagno's victory in the Coppa della Velocita at the International Brescia Meeting, proved the mechanical perfection of the ITALA. The most exhaustive trials may be arranged from the

ITALA
AUTOMOBILES, Ltd.,
89, Wigmore St., W.

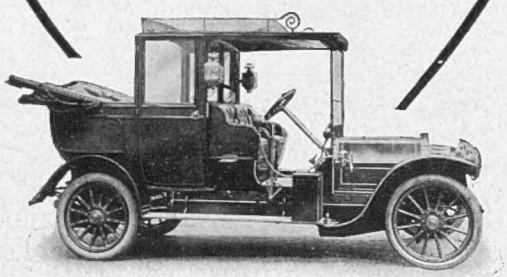
Telephone: 2818 Pad.

Royal Recognition

Queen Margherita of Italy has honoured the ITALA Company with an order for yet another motor carriage.

ITALA

The Last Word in Luxury and Efficiency.



There are no dissatisfied users of ITALA Cars. They are swift, silent, and comfortable. The following testimonials are noteworthy:—

THE COUNTESS OF RAVENSWORTH.

"The car gives satisfaction in every way. It is a beautiful car."

A. S. HOBSON, Esq., Bishop's Sutton, Hants.

"My ITALA has been a great success—for hill-climbing and silence, it is the very best I have ever been in."

WALTER GIBBONS, Esq.

"My expectations fully realised — every requirement having been satisfactorily met."

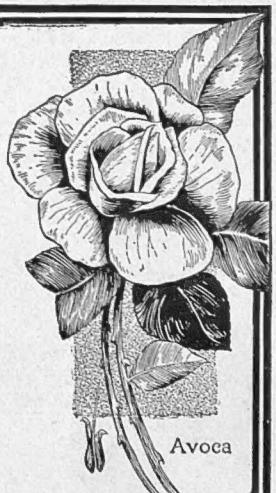
ROSES

THE TRIUMPH OF THE YEAR.

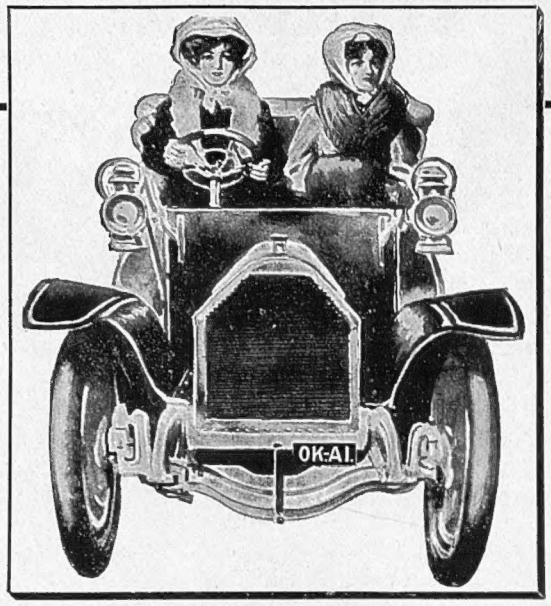
AT the recent National Rose Society's Show, the only rose which was awarded a Gold Medal amongst the Hybrid Teas was the gorgeous "Avoca." Perfect in form and of a deep Crimson-Scarlet colour, the "Avoca" is undoubtedly one of the finest roses yet produced by the House of Alex. Dickson and Sons, Ltd.

Our beautiful Illustrated Catalogue contains a list of many hundreds of roses, with hints on pruning, rearing, etc. Write for a copy to-day.

ALEX. DICKSON & SONS, Ltd., Rosarians, Newtownards, Co. Down, Ireland.


Avoca

Made under licence from the Owners for the British Empire (Canada excepted) of the Motor Patented Systems of the Daimler-Motoren Gesellschaft



The British and Colonial Daimler-Mercedes Syndicate, Ltd., is in nowise connected with either the Daimler Motor Co. of Coventry or the German-built cars bearing the name Mercedes

BRITISH AND COLONIAL

DAIMLER-MERCEDES

ALL . . BRITISH.

30 H.P., 4 Cylinders.

£595

COMPLETE WITH BODY.

SHEFFIELD MADE. . .

Telegrams: "*Usualita, London.*"

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BRITISH AND COLONIAL DAIMLER-MERCEDES SYNDICATE, LTD., 532, Oxford Street, London, W.

"JUST OUT" BOOT POLISH

DAY & MARTIN MAKE IT

BRILLIANT DURABLE PRESERVATIVE ECONOMICAL FOR BOOTS OF ALL LEATHER BLACK & TAN

GRAND PRIZE, PARIS, 1889-1900.
GRAND PRIZE, ST. LOUIS, 1904.

PRICE'S "REGINA"

QUEEN OF TOILET SOAPS

Manufactured by PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE Co. Ltd. LONDON LIVERPOOL & MANCHESTER.

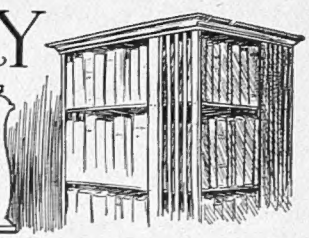
In Four Varieties.

"REGINA,"
"REGINA CREAM,"
"REGINA VIOLET,"
"WHITE REGINA."

"COURT" in Twenty-four Varieties.

To be obtained at all STORES, CHEMISTS, and GROCERS.

THE LIBRARY



Books of the Week

"Carette of Sark." By John Oxenham. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

"Little Stories." By T. W. H. Crosland. (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Genteel A.B." By A. J. Dawson. (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*)

Sark in Fiction

A novel about Sark! Impossible, you say, adding—if you happen to be geographically informed—that an island, two miles square, mostly rock, pop. 570, could not conceivably furnish material for any kind of story. Could even the dullest dialectician of the kailyard spin one out of such a puir wee place? In *Carette of Sark* (Hodder: 6*s.*), however, the talented Mr. John Oxenham not only writes a story about Sark, but a rattling good one. In order to make action, the story has been put back one hundred years ago. Then, Sark was the base of smuggling, and privateering exploits against the French, with whom we were then at war. The hero (Phil Carré), in love with the beauteous Carette, is the son of a reprobate father, expelled, years ago, from the island. Taking himself off to the wars, he is captured and generally ill-treated—and has, in fact, a pretty rousing time. Incidentally, he falls into the hands of Torode of Herm, a gentleman who attacks French ships while flying the British flag, and British while flying the French. As Phil has been captured twice by Torode (under different flags), he is in a position to do that sporting person considerable mischief by reporting him. Consequently, he is to Torode a marked man. Furthermore, Torode's son himself loves the fair Carette. There is, therefore, every reason why Phil should be furnished with a comfortable grave by the Torodes, *père et fils*. But they dally with him, for a reason disclosed at the end of the story—that Torode is none other than Phil's long-lost parent himself. The Sark part of the story is not extensive. Such as it is, however, it is good. The scenes and adventures among the caves and chasms and wild rocky gorges and clefts are terrific. The ride across the famous Coupée—that narrow isthmus which, 384 feet high, connects Great and Little Sark—and the subsequent battle on the ridge between the men of Sark and the scoundrels of Herm, are immensely dramatic. All who have visited Sark will want to read Mr. Oxenham's romance, while all who have not will, after reading it, have a feverish desire to remedy their deficiency.

Mr. Crosland's Rapier

In *Little Stories*, by T. W. H. Crosland (Sisleys: 2*s.* 6*d.*), we have that Mr. Crosland who wields the rapier rather than the bludgeon—a Mr. Crosland which many people have suspected not to exist. Out of the plenitude of his resentments, Mr. Crosland has squeezed a little philosophy, and, adopting the form of the fable, he has here set it down. Shorn to nudity of superfluous verbiage, but full as ever of refreshing rancour, the "little stories" vary in length from three lines to about twenty—rarely more. The shortest are the best. Thus—

> They decided that all liars should be whipped,
> And a man came along and told them the truth,
> And they hanged him.

Also—

> He awoke and found himself famous,
> And on the tenth day he sat down to consider the position.
> "This is not what I wanted at all," mused he.

And—

> Life scourged him down the ways. And in his smart he railed against Life. Then he saw Death.
> "Oh, delicate Life," he said.

There should be more of this Mr. Crosland. Or . . . would they hang him?

"The Genteel A.B."

In *The Genteel A.B.* (E. Grant Richards: 6*s.*), Mr. A. J. Dawson introduces us to the personality of Bill Chasemore, aristocrat turned seaman. Sport of a mild kind is made out of the incongruity of his situation, but hardly enough, perhaps. I am inclined to think that in telling them at second-hand (they are narrated by the "night-watchman"), Mr. Dawson has rather lost an opportunity. Had Bill been a "genteel A.B." of the "Juggins" type, a lubber very much at sea, possibly the view of him taken by a messmate would have been the most humorous. But Bill is not that sort. Though a gentleman, he is of the sea seaworthy—a fine spirit, who is by nature and sympathy out of place ashore. The watchman makes us see Bill superficially, but gives us little or no glimpse of the man as he knew himself, or as he would have been known by a Boswell of his own level—in fact, by Mr. Dawson himself. But that desire to narrate in dialect rather than in sober, workaday English, which has so unholy a fascination for modern writers, has proved too much for this author.

New Novels

Two novels of the week to be strongly recommended are *The Younger Set*, by Robert W. Chambers, and *The Measure of the Rule*, by Robert Barr. Both are published by Messrs. Constable, and both are American in setting. Mr. Chambers again hurls us into the vortex of American Society, a theme which he handled so very brilliantly in "The Fighting Chance." Mr. Barr's story shows him in as fresh and virile a mood as in the days of "A Woman Intervenes" and "In the Midst of Alarms," both novels linger in my memory above many others of the mid-'nineties.

The October *Bookman* is quite superb—a "Mary Queen of Scots" double number, splendidly illustrated with colour and other plates. In it, those interested in the life and career of the martyred Queen will find much material.

VIVIAN CARTER.

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I. A Smart Riding Habit

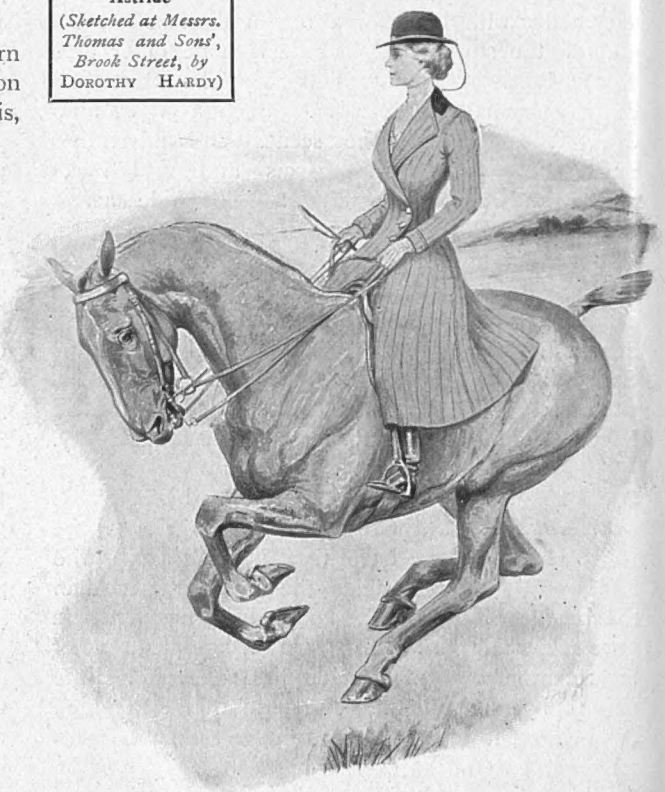
2. The Latest Phase of the Ride-Astride

(*Sketched at Messrs. Thomas and Sons', Brook Street, by* DOROTHY HARDY)

The Amazonian height and breadth of the modern English girl are facts that are being commented on everywhere, and there seems only one cause for this, namely, "Sports" with a capital S. The continual swing of the golf club and tennis racket must inevitably strengthen and enlarge the muscles of the arm; swimming broadens the chest; while hockey!—well, hockey has the privilege—or so it seems to me—of inculcating every ungraceful attitude it is possible for feminine limbs to arrive at. But that, of course, again, may be only silly prejudice, born of a lack of the proper sporting spirit. And yet, give me a gun! Hockey, as it chances, is not my line of country. And, of course, there is riding, a pursuit that is always with us, and just now more than ever uppermost by reason of the astride riding, an innovation that is growing by leaps and bounds into favour.

Messrs. Thomas and Sons, 6, Brook Street

After the great Olympia Horse Show in the Spring, there was probably no feature more exhaustively discussed than the Ride-Astride habit brought out by Mr. Thomas. The fact that this was no sudden inspiration, but a well-thought-out scheme, had much to do with the immediate success it secured, and ever since its real *début* at Olympia orders have been steadily pouring in to 6, Brook Street.

As was previously explained, the Ride-Astride, in its original phase, comprised a long basqued coat, the skirt whereof is cut sufficiently wide to be caught round the legs and securely held in position by a patent fastening. When the rider dismounts, the appearance is that of a short circular skirt, and it was, doubtless, this appearance that gave Mr. Thomas the idea of arranging a skirt on a like principle. For hot climates, the skirt, of course, is likely to be in big request, since it can be worn with a cool shirt or linen coat.

From sources known only to himself, Mr. Thomas has secured